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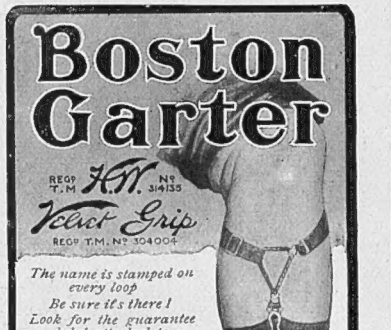

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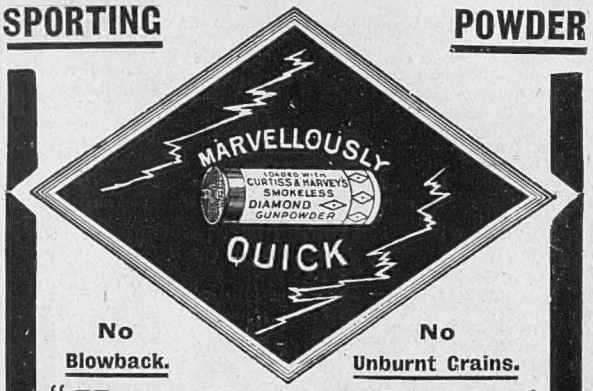

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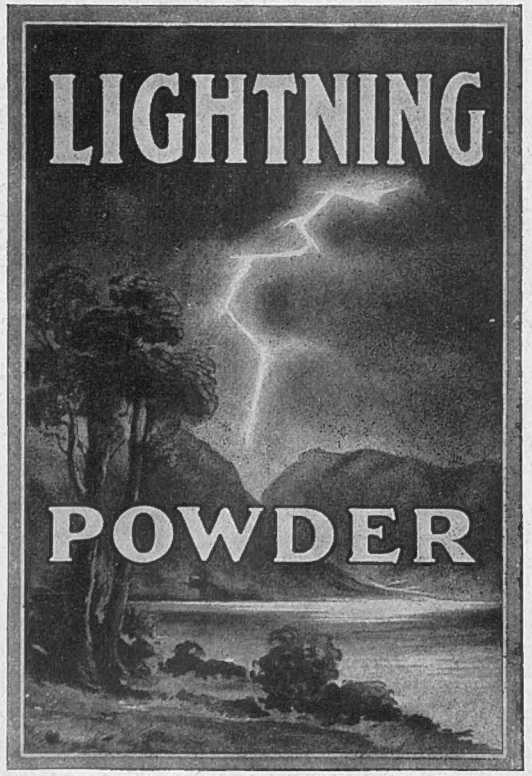

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The BYSTANDER

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH

The Bird to be brought down this August being not a Grouse but a Mad Eagle

Ourselves On A War Footing

My Dear Readers,—

DURING the European War "The Bystander" will devote its picture space to recording by brush and camera the progress of this, the greatest struggle of modern times. We shall thus provide you with what is not a luxury to you, but a necessity; a faithful and accurate record of what will be the most memorable event of your lifetime and that of your country—the war that will change everything.

While commenting on events with due regard to their seriousness, we shall deem it as ever our duty to present things in as cheerful an aspect as possible, and not to ignore the lighter moments of the great struggle, the little touches of humour and of human nature which are never absent from the grimmest of situations. Now, as before, "The Bystander" will be more or less a mirror of you yourself, most excellent reader! It will say, you'll find, more or less what you are thinking, much in the way in which you are saying it yourself, and will be as necessary to your life during War Time as it has—we hope—been in Peace Time.

Yours in life—and death to the enemy!

THE BYSTANDER.

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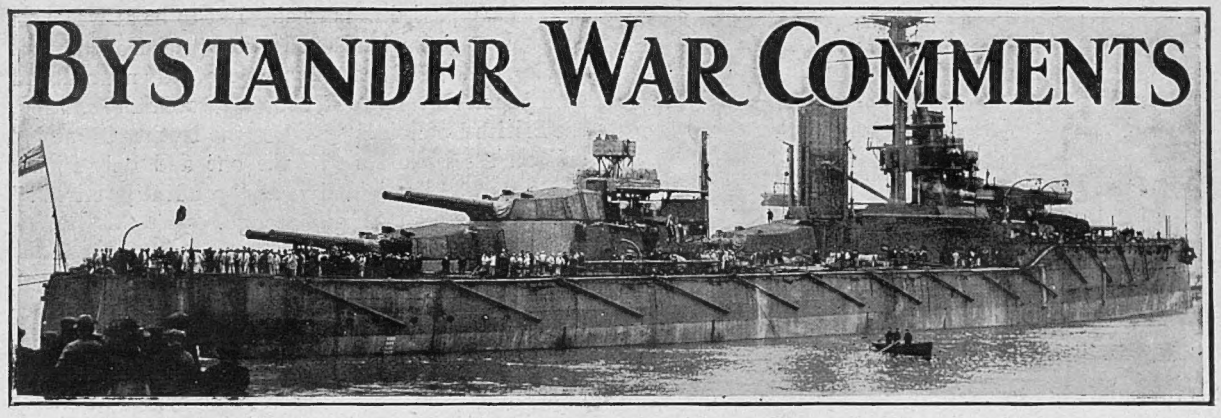
BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS



THE AMAZING MIDNIGHT WAR

IT is an amazing war, and as it broke out at midnight, August 3, it was the Amazing Midnight War. We went out at midnight to see the old peace out and the new war in. We stood at the plinth of Nelson Column to be present at the birth of the Great Change, to be stricken by Big Ben into twelve times a new person.

***

For, whatever the issue of this war—victory, defeat, or stale-mate—it is going to make a new man of the Englishman. After years of fat prosperity and lazy frivolity, it brings him up against the brute realities. It calls him to a service of his country, which is also the service of himself: to prepare to die that Britain may live.

***

War! For the first time *really*, in the European sense, for a hundred years but one, and the scene of our first land action to be as it was then—the same old cock-pit, luckless but plucky little Belgium. This time, however, we are at war for no material concern of our own. At war for our friends, for our pledges, for our principles. Against no hated monster such as Napoleon, but against a monarch for whom Englishmen had lately nothing but admiration, our King's cousin, our frequent visitor, who, in the very week of war, was to have raced us at Cowes! It was but a few short weeks ago that the writer found himself cruising in the wake of the Kaiser's yacht in the peaceful fjords of Norway, His Majesty himself looking as though there were no such things as European politics. There one saw him smiling, chatting, a very Prince of Lightness, and now one sees him as the exact reverse.

***

And dare I say that it is my suspicion that this war is as hateful to William II as it is to the whole world: that the Kaiser, like Rehoboam of old is the victim of his young counsellors: or like David, of his sons of Zeruiah? Time will show whether this theory is right; but if it is, then the amazing war will be amazingly short-lived—for this reason: William II. is a vain man, and his vanity will not long allow him to persist in a war which shows him in so very unprepossessing a light. Also, remember, he is half an Englishman, which means he is at least half a moralist, and is probably already half-conscious that Germany's present morals are doubly damnable.

***

He has forced us into war without a quarrel. We take up the challenge—thank God we are Englishmen still!—but let not the jeers of larrikins mislead the world into the belief that we go to Europe in the same light-hearted mood as we did fifteen years ago to South Africa. We cheer—with our mouths. We wave flags—with our hands. We march to Buckingham Palace—with our feet. But there is hardly a man among us who is sure, in his heart, what will be the ultimate upshot.

***

As we retreat from the Palace, having cheered ourselves hoarse, we turn up the Duke of York's steps. It is the German Embassy we see on this night of nights, whence perhaps the occupying Excellency has already fled. Before and around this huge silent house we stand. To hoot, to groan? Not a bit of it. There is dense, unbroken silence. You could have heard a bomb drop.

***

We felt we ought to be booing: that we ought to be crying "Down with Germany," and once again singing our National Anthem (which is also the enemy's). But no. We just stood. Not a sound came from even the riotous "knuts" in the Atheneum Club just behind us; while the United Service and the Carlton had, it seemed, almost a serious look, such sounds of revelry as came from within being no noisier than they would be on quite an ordinary night.

***

And then the news of Germany's rejection of the Ultimatum. The crowd marched once again to the Palace. The poor King must not be allowed to sleep, so passionate is our loyalty, so lusty are our lungs. And so to bed—to awaken on the morrow to see in cold print that the whole of Europe is in arms and seven of its nations fighting for a reason known to no mortal man—nor, probably, to the Immortal One. Technically, it was "because of Servia." So we were all contemptuously telling each other ten days ago. Then

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (concluded)

GOOD BUSINESS!

Servia suddenly went out of the picture. On the morrow of the Amazing Midnight War the one nation whose name seemed to be right out of it was that which was the first to be in it.

* * *

And Austria, too, whom last week, on the impulse of the moment, we charged with blood-guilt. On the Amazing Midnight there was no talk of Austria the blood-guilty. Austria, the cause of it all, was the one nation out of the seven who was not formally at war with any one of them save Servia, and was not even fighting her; and it looked suspiciously as though if ever she had to fight anybody else at all it wouldn't be Russia, France, or Britain, the enemy, but Italy, her ally!

* * *

The conclusion to be drawn, and the only one, is that the war of the nations is not Austria's war at all, but Germany's, and that Austria acted only as *agent provocateur*.

* * *

It is Germany's war. For no reason at all has she picked a bloody quarrel with peoples, big peoples and small, who wanted only peace and whose peasants were about to reap plenty. It is harvest time, and Germany makes it a harvest of corpses. It is the bathing season, and Germany makes it a bath of blood. It is the shooting season, but the bird "everybody" is trying to bring down is not grouse, but eagle, and it is not a bird anybody wanted in the least to shoot, but wished to leave severely alone in its iron eyrie. Now, it has wantonly offered itself as a target for seven guns, and down it must and shall come.

* * *

It is Germany's war, and Germany will pay the cost of it to the full. The question everybody asks is, Why has Germany done this thing? Is it madness? It might have been criminal of her to have attacked France, but that might have been a *crime passionel*. To attack Russia and France, too, might have passed as normal. But to be at war with Russia, France, England and Belgium (with Holland, too, perhaps), with Italy, the ally, malevolently neutral, and with Japan on the prowl, America watchfully waiting, the British Dominions "solid for the Mother Country," and all the while Austria, the one and only friend, whose quarrel it originally was, "prudently retired!" That seems madness right enough.

* * *

Germany must, said everybody, have gone mad, stark, staring mad. But has she? We prefer ourselves to reserve our certificate pending further observations of the patient. If Germany is defeated in detail by land and sea, loses her navy, her merchant shipping, and her precious colonies, and has to sign the kind of treaty of good-behaviour that Austria forced on Servia, then we shall "sign her up" as indeed a criminal lunatic. For war would have had no such fatal issue had she only conducted it at the right time against the right enemy. Russia, France, or Britain alone she might have managed to smash, but all three together—"Not likely!"

* * *

However, we write in early days. By the time these lines appear something may—we don't believe it will—have happened in Belgium or France or at sea favourable to the Germans and proving to be a winner their cry of "Away with everybody and to hell with Treaties." The way to Paris may be found through Belgium: the British Fleet may prove a less formidable enemy than it thought itself. The God of Battles may, with amazing taste, be on the side of the wager of the Amazing War . . . may be, we say, meaning that it is not very likely.

LONDON'S NEW INDUSTRY

* * *

For the God of Battles very rarely indeed gives ultimate victory to those who have plunged into war either in madness or for lust of conquest. The God of Battles foiled all previous attempts to bring Europe under one sceptre, and if, by any chance, material victory now goes to the Germans, it will certainly be short-lived. With all the peoples of Europe against her—Slav, Latin, and Celt and fellow-Teuton, she has declared war against the rights of nations, and it is likely to be Germany's funeral. 'The mad dog it was that died."

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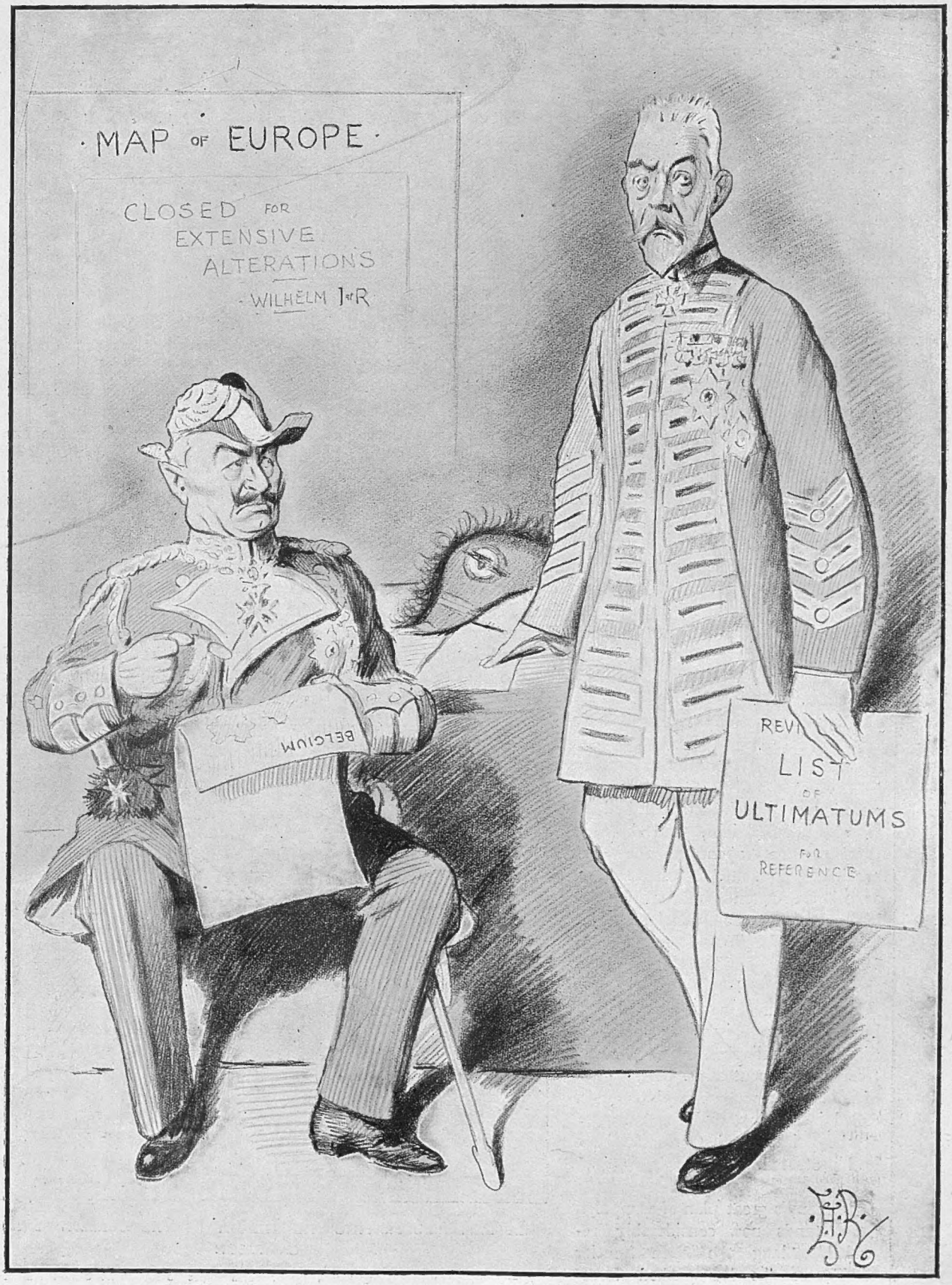
SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

The Ultimaniac



KAISER: Let me see now: what countries are there with whom we are not at war?
CHANCELLOR: Well; there's China and Peru—
KAISER: What infernal impudence! Send them ultimatums at once

BY E. T. REED

What the Germans Hope to Do

THERE is a spirit of inhuman cynicism revealed in the unscrupulous plan of campaign with which Germany has planned to crush France. In it treaties, assurances, and promises have been broken with an impudence which would have surprised Bismarck. For years this plan has been the most carefully guarded secret of Germany's rulers, and day by day it has been revised and prepared for until to the minutest detail it has been rendered perfect in the eyes of its creators.

The open French frontier was too small for the forces of destruction to be applied with best effect. Luxemburg and Belgium masked a portion of the French frontier which was not so well protected, since both Belgium and Luxemburg were States whose neutrality had been agreed to by Germany.

But the first act of Germany in opening the war was to capture defenceless Luxemburg, and the second was sneeringly to ask Belgium for right of way to France. The refusal was reckoned upon, even though it was known to mean war with England.

Germany has staked her all on the bold stroke of outflanking France by a passage through Belgium. The possibility of this course was brought to my mind some years back when I began to explore Belgium. I was amazed at the preparations Germany was making for her great *coup*. Teutons poured into Belgium every year by thousands from the south and east. They built up traffic to the strategic points, and prepared the way for the master-stroke.

Last week I saw the mobilising of thousands of Germans who were hurrying back from their holiday resorts in Belgium, and keeping these routes open to the last possible moment. More than one German officer openly boasted to the Belgians that he would be back next year for a longer holiday, and under the German flag!

But Belgium, warned, no doubt, by French strategists, did not place too much reliance upon German treaties of neutrality. An army of over 200,000 men has been called into being, and the railways at the points of danger have been well protected.

Germany's great plan of campaign stands now considerably revealed. Along the open frontier of France she has pushed forcefully but slowly, whilst the two great strokes in Luxemburg and Belgium were developing. A glance at the accompanying map will show the cleverness of these moves.

The French have allowed no great line of railway straight across Luxemburg from Germany. The line is diverted up through Belgium to Namur. The violation of Luxemburg gave very little additional opening to French territory, and hence Belgium had to be included in the plan.

In fact, it may be said that for Germany to beat France it was essential that Belgium should be pierced. The first move through Luxemburg gave command of the main line to Namur, in Belgium, and the attack when pushed home would enable a junction to be made with the other force which had attacked Liège.

From Cologne, one of the great centres of German military power, a most important railway runs via Liège, Namur, and Charleroi, in Belgium, and Aulnoye, in France, to Paris. It cuts the Calais route, it cuts between Lille and Rheims, and it is well north of the main French army along the exposed frontier.

With one force pushing straight through Belgium via Liège, and the other joining it via Luxemburg and Namur, Germany could well hope to overwhelm France, if France stood alone.

In her overweening confidence Germany believed that her plan would succeed, even though her route was barred by the Belgians, and even though England was at war with her.

Belgium cannot hold back the German onslaught at all points, and the French will, no doubt, wait for the attack to be well advanced before they move forward, for Germany has, of course, prepared for the

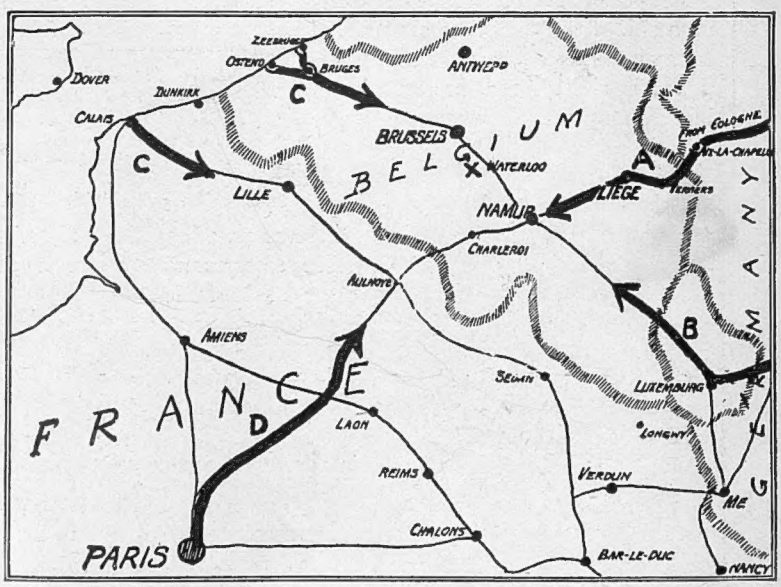


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE THEORY OF THE GERMAN PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

A.—German Invading Force round Liège, which hopes to form junctions at Namur on on the direct line to Paris with——

B.—German Invading Force coming up from Luxemburg, and then to hurl the united forces on the more or less open French frontier

C, C.—Alternative lines of advance of British Expeditionary Force intended to unite with Belgians (who may retreat from Liège), and cut the German line near Namur

D.—The line of advance of French forces to join with British and Belgians near frontier

and Why They Probably Won't Succeed

Photograph *Bassano*

EARL KITCHENER, K.P.

Who was appointed Secretary for War on Wednesday last

Photograph *Russell*

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH, K.C.M.G.

Appointed last week Inspector-General of the Forces

Photograph *Boute*

KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM

Who has gone to the front at the head of the gallant Belgian defenders of Liège

eventuality of having to slacken pace in Belgium. But Liège has given them a nasty shock.

Namur seems to be the critical point, for if the Germans get to this place they will cut Belgium in two.

But north-west of Namur is a little place known as Waterloo, and from Namur to Brussels, near-by Waterloo, a main line of rail runs to the Belgian coast with its ports of Ostend and Zeebrugge. North-east of Brussels another main line runs to the port of Antwerp.

And not very far away from all these places is a little country which once before at Waterloo smashed up a bully.

When the khaki lines stretch down to Belgium, and when the French and the Belgians join forces with them, Germany will meet her Waterloo.

The supreme struggle, therefore, will centre in Belgium most probably, and round Namur or Charleroi, according to the tactics of the allies, the issue may be decided. Charleroi is close up to the French frontier, and here the joint forces may find their best point in checking the enemy. Germany will not win!

THREE REASONS FOR BELIEVING THAT THE GERMANS WILL NOT WIN

BELLICOSITIES

BY "JINGO"

IT is taken for granted that to open the London theatres would be madness just at present, and, no doubt, commercially speaking, this is the case. But there is a record audience ready for *some* diversion. The music-halls, anyway, have been crowded, and it is doing the public no injustice to say that the performances—particularly when funny—have been enjoyed to the full. Mr. G. P. Huntley's absurdities at the Coliseum seemed to amuse us even more than in peace-time. And why? Perhaps because we have *wanted* to laugh. And why not?

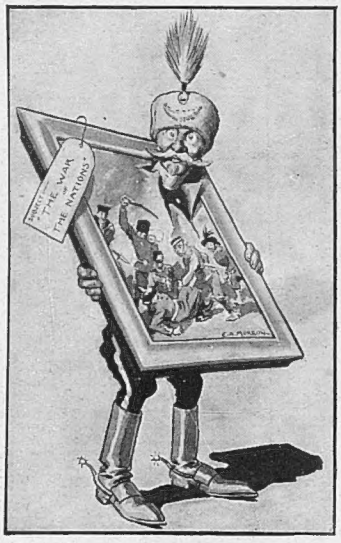
***

The people who go about with long faces are not a shade more patriotic for doing so. Even the battlefield itself has its humours, and "good stories" from the front are coming in already.

I remember in South Africa how the Tommies, during one hot engagement, used to scream and yell with laughter every time a fuzzy-headed Boer looked up from a trench. Soldiers are certainly no worse fighters nor stay-at-homes worse patriots because they see a joke when it comes their way.

***

I yield to no man in my desire to destroy the hated German, but I have laughed quite a lot during the last week. I laughed when I heard a man who had been kept waiting a long time at a restaurant ask the waiter whether he had any news—any *official* news—of his steak and chips. I laughed again when I heard that the newest version of "going to see a man about a dog" is "going to verify a rumour." The advantage of the latter is that it enables one to be absent from duty from twelve to twenty times a day.



SERVIA: "I'll be in it somehow! Hang it all, it's my picture"

(As Servia was the cause of the war, it is odd how completely she is now being ignored by Press and public)

By E. A. Morrow

***

Rumourtism—the complaint of the season—Everybody's catching it!

***

Is it true that, until almost the end of the crisis, Mr. Lloyd George was opposed to the war, and that there then arrived the news of the approach of the two-million treasure ship. . . .?

***

Is it also true that the Government have received a Note from the Sultan of Turkey calling their attention to the scandalous state of affairs in the Near West, and offering the services of a Moslem sheikh to restore order between the turbulent "Christian" tribesmen?

***

A more than usually impecunious fellow-clubman of mine has notified his creditors of the state of his finances by a note stating that his telegraphic address is now "Moratorium, London."

***

From Mr. Redmond's magnificent speech inviting England to withdraw her soldiers and leave the defence of Ireland to her Volunteers there was only one omission. He said nothing about the soldiers' *returning* to Ireland after the war. Clerical error, no doubt.

***

No, I *don't* think much of the Militants. Why have they not offered *their* services to the country—as bomb-throwers?

***

Can any reader tell me the German for "the limit" or "the outside edge"? I want to find a word with which to characterise the Kaiser's statement that it was we Allies who had attacked the Germans in *their* homes. But perhaps the author of *Pygmalion* can tell us what kind of lie this is.

***

The naturalised German, with an accent, who asserts himself about the clubs is not exactly popular at the moment. Men are apt to wish he would stop at home in bed. One of these received, the other day, the following communication:

"In view of the present difference of opinion between the country that was yours and that which is still ours, may we suggest that you should discontinue your practice of our language in our Club?"

***

I quite agree with the leading article in an evening newspaper which denounced as discreditable the conduct of an evening newspaper in proclaiming the news of the sinking of the *Amphion* as a "great British Naval Disaster." The rebuke is all the more significant as the offending paper was—perhaps unknown to the leader-writer—its very own self!!!

THE MARSEILLAISE SPECIAL

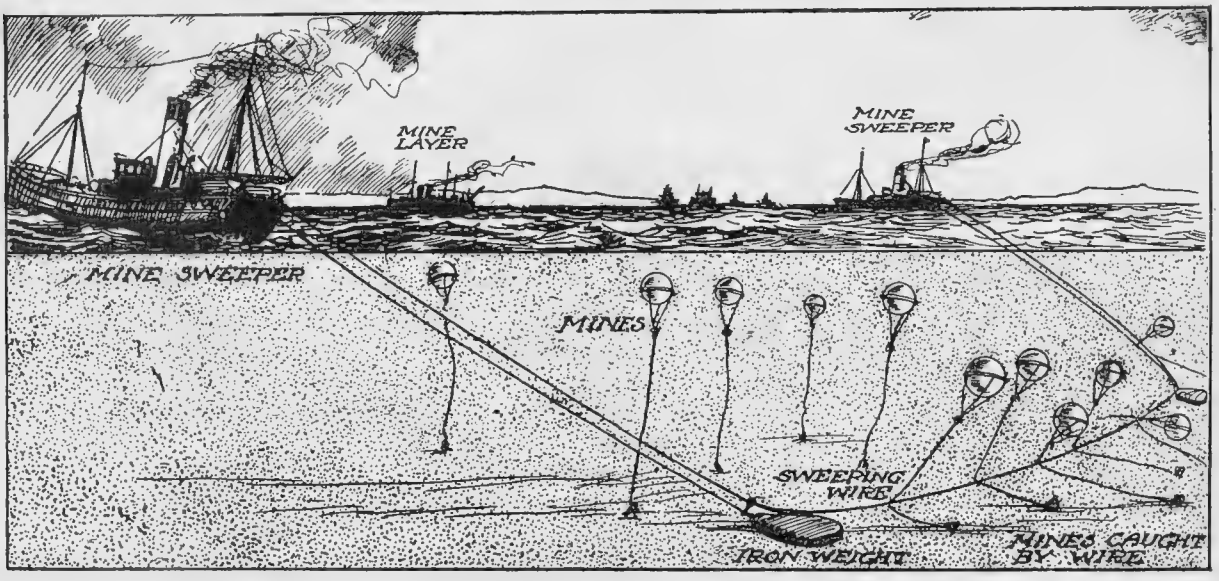
Next week's issue will contain a setting of the French national song to English words, specially adapted to the cause of the Allies, and suitable for public rendering. Do not omit to secure a copy. You'll need it!

A War Miscellany

PICTURES, ILLUSTRATIVE AND EXPLANATORY, OF THE WEEK-END'S EVENTS

READY FOR SERVICE: MOTOR CYCLES ON WIMBLEDON COMMON

A large number of motor cyclists have offered the services of themselves and their machines to the Government for despatch riding. The picture shows the bicycles drawn up at the Windmill, Wimbledon Common, for inspection



A TICKLISH BUSINESS: TRAWLING FOR MINES IN THE NORTH SEA

This picture illustrates how the peril of anchored mines may be removed. They are swept up by fishing trawlers, which drag a wire rope attached to a weight along the bottom of the sea. The wires, as seen above, become entangled in those of the mines, and the latter are thus dragged away from their anchorage

A HEARTY SEND-OFF FOR THE GRENADIER GUARDS

On Sunday morning the Grenadier Guards left London for Brentwood Barracks (where yesterday the Prince of Wales joined them) en route for active service. Their Majesties, Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Christian, Sir Dighton Probyn and Lord Derby, came out in front of Buckingham Palace to watch the troops march past. The Guards marched in Buckingham Palace Road to the tune of the Marseillaise, which must be almost if not quite the first occasion on which British troops have marched in London to the strains of the French National Anthem

Sidelights on the War

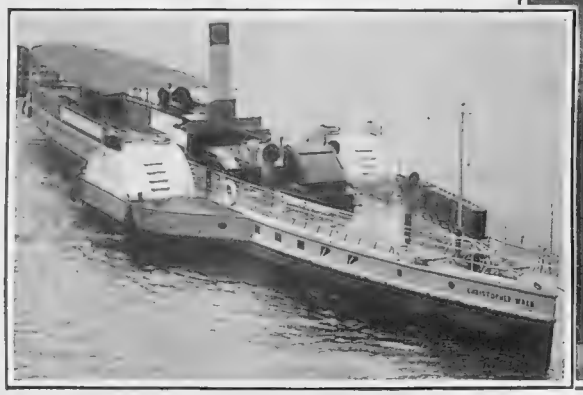
FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE NON-COMBATANT

A "RUN" ON MARRIAGE LICENCES

Of the special kind issued by the Archbishop of Canterbury has been a result of the declaration of war. An officer is here seen leaving the Archbishop's Faculty Office after obtaining a licence

A PRIVATE HOUSE TO BECOME A HOSPITAL

Private houses at many places along the East Coast are being turned into hospitals. The furniture from the one seen above is being taken away on a cart to be stacked in a neighbouring barn to make way for hospital requirements



NOT FOR GERMANY!

An offer was made on behalf of Germany to purchase three of the former L.C.C. steamboats from the City Steamboat Company, Ltd., but when the British Ultimatum was delivered to Germany the deal was declared off. The photograph shows one of the L.C.C. steamboats Germany wished to purchase

THE LAST TRAIN TO LEAVE ZERMATT

And a very crowded train it is, as may be seen in the picture. Those who were unable to travel by it, or by a previous one, will be unable to leave Switzerland for some time to come

THE 6TH SUSSEX BATTERY COMMANDEERING HORSES AT BEXHILL

Practically every horse in Bexhill has been commandeered for military purposes, as the 6th Sussex required 144 out of the town. All conveyances were stopped in the streets, and even the farm horses have been taken

ULTI-MAFFICKING!

Londoners in Trafalgar Square cheering the news of the rejection by Germany of the British ultimatum shortly before midnight on Tuesday, August 4—which we beg herewith to describe in the word at the top of the page. We sincerely trust there will be occasions for similar displays in celebration of actual rather than anticipated victories

BY E. A. MORROW

Right—Yet Wrong

MR. NORMAN ANGELL—WITH WHOM WE DIFFER TO AGREE

Mr. Norman Angell's famous book, "The Great Illusion," which set out to prove the economic destructiveness of war, is much in the public eye at the present time. The opinions therein expressed in regard to the financial chaos that would immediately follow an outbreak of war in Europe are now being overwhelmingly vindicated. But there are times when economic right is moral wrong—and this present time is one of them

BY KAPP

Was It an Illusion?

SOME REMARKS ON THE ILLUSIONS ENGENDERED BY "THE GREAT ILLUSION"

As almost everybody knows, Mr. Norman Angell wrote a book not long ago called *The Great Illusion*. And the remarkable thing about it is that the book has given rise to more illusions than almost any other. Especially the illusion that Mr. Norman Angell said there never could be a war again. Mr. Angell, of course, never said anything of the kind. What he did say was that it was absurd for nations to go to war because even the victor would gain nothing from it. He suggested, if I remember aright, that, this being so, it was to be hoped that Europe would see the error of its ways. That is all.

That Mr. Angell's hopes were wretchedly unfounded, is alas! obvious. It would seem to an outsider—indeed, it does seem to the American Press—that Europe has been smitten with midsummer madness. With the possible exception of the Germans no people, *qua* people, wanted to go to war. Everybody wanted to go on, as usual, making money and making love and cheating their fellow-countrymen in peace. Instead, they are losing money and hazarding their lives and declaring, perforce, that they love their fellow-countrymen as themselves—even though they do go out the next minute and lay in a totally unnecessary quantity of bacon and flour. None of them want to make these unpleasant changes. But their pastors and masters have led them into war and they must. They have got to fight in spite of Mr. Norman Angell, which is as good as saying in spite of themselves.

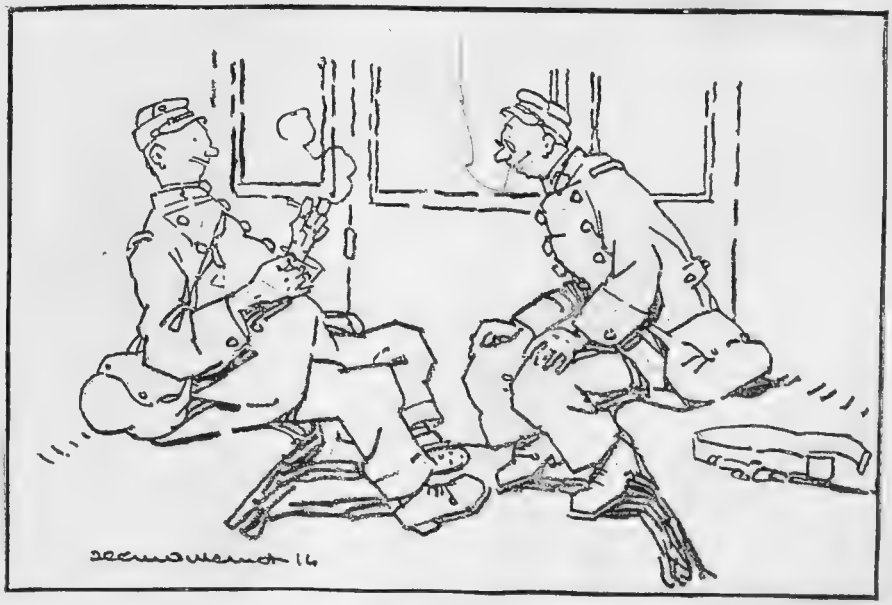
For, really, Mr. Angell's mistake (if you think he made a mistake at all that is) was to rely too much on nations acting like individuals. There was once a book written to prove that a crowd is collectively more stupid than each one of its units, and I do not believe the proposition has ever been seriously disputed by any psychologist. For instance, it is incredible that any sane individual should rejoice over the fact that we are at war with Germany. But the feeling of the crowd that gathered outside Buckingham Palace last Tuesday night was, I am afraid, one of pure jubilation. Perhaps Mr. Angell did not take this fact sufficiently into account. But, then, you cannot base a theory on a temporary attack of insanity. For that is what war-fever is. We are certainly right and probably wise to go to war, but to pretend to be glad about such a horrible business is sheer lunacy—except, perhaps, for an officer in need of promotion.

As to what Mr. Angell really did say, and not what other people thought he said, he is being proved absolutely right. Ten years ago nobody would have dreamed that a war between Austria and Servia could shut the Stock Exchange at Toronto. To Mr. Angell belongs the credit of having first pointed out that it must. Nor would anybody have believed that England, while still a neutral, could have had to face a financial situation like that of the week-end before last. These things did not enter into the calculations of our belligerent ancestors. To them a country was a country, self-contained, self-dependent.

Just as international law is a comparatively modern necessity owing to the extraordinary improvement in facilities of transit and the consequent increase in people residing abroad, so the system of international credit has grown up quite recently. And modern finance has no country. Its sovereignty is bounded only by the limits of the civilisable globe. For it all wars are civil wars.

It will be interesting to see whether Mr. Angell will be proved right when (no, not if) we beat Germany. Of course, the so-called German Peril will have passed away—though the papers will soon see to it that another is provided instead—and it is conceivable we may be able to reduce our naval estimates considerably. But we shall have accumulated an enormous debt, and what about those of our traders who do an enormous business with Germany? You cannot trade with bankrupts even though you may have the satisfaction of knowing that you are stronger than they. So, on the whole, before proclaiming Mr. Angell's "Illusion" a reality and his reality an illusion, we had better wait and see. Let us hope and pray we shall not have to wait long.

F. T.



GRIM HUMOUR

"I didn't stop to pay my landlady before I came away. One cannot worry about rent these times"
"Certainly not, old fellow, unless it's the rent one makes with the bayonet"

Journal Amusant

Behind the Mask of Militarism: The

SKETCHES IN MEDIÆVAL NÜRNBERG

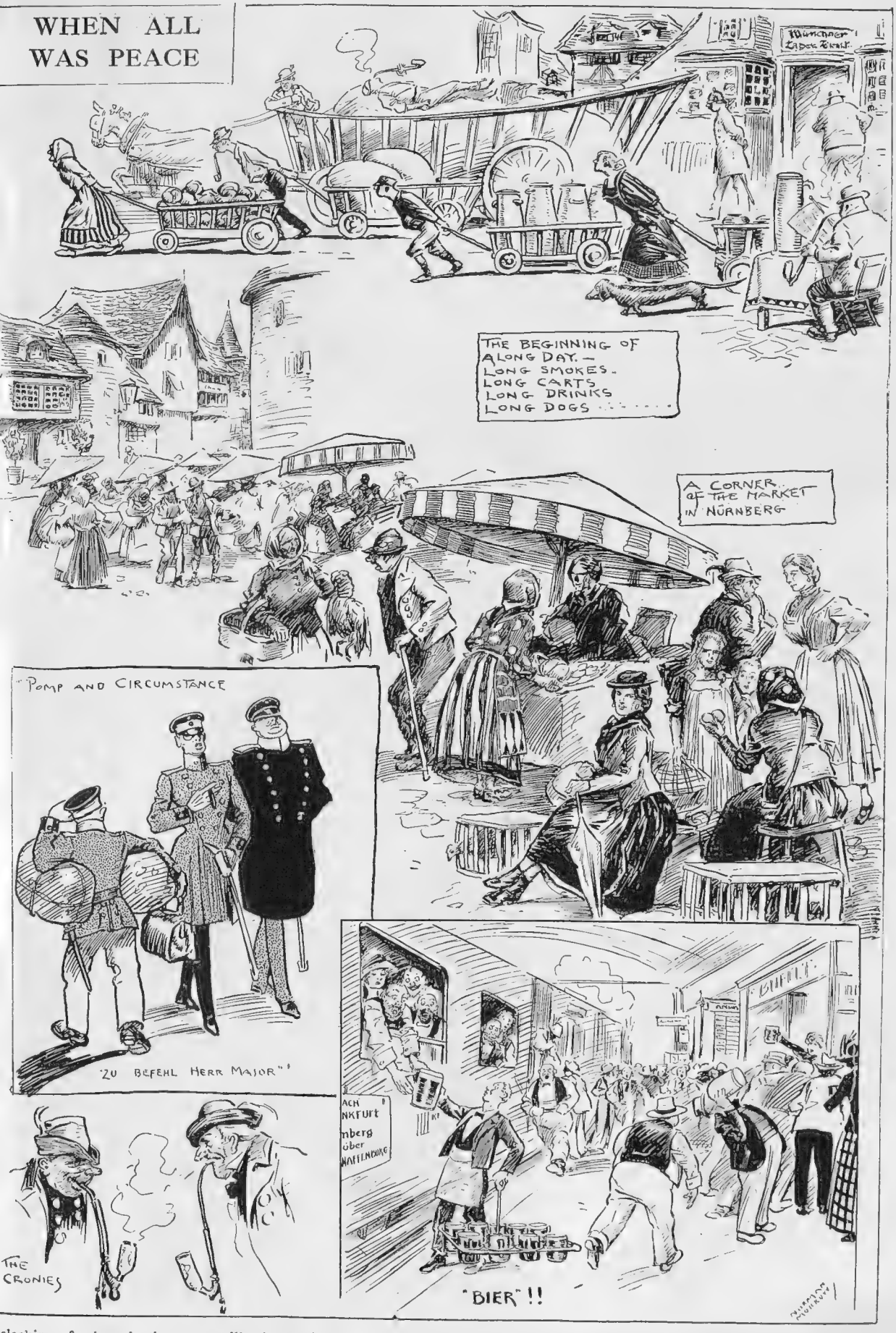
SUNDAY NIGHT AT NÜRNBERG — BACK FROM THE LAND

THE ART STUDENTS

AT DUTZENTEICH

In the summer of 1911 Norman Morrow paid a visit to Germany and brought back with him some pictorial impressions of the inhabitants which we reprint above from the issues of September 6 and 13 of that year. The sketches were made at Nürnberg, in Bavaria, where, three years ago at any rate, the peasant-citizens' life went on quietly and gaily as if there were no

Germany that Loves Not Blood and Iron



clashing of sabres in the more militarist sections of Germany. But Germany is now at war, and we doubt if there will be much more of the "quiet life" even in Nürnberg, for the present. We publish these sketches to show that there is—or was—a very different side of German life and character to that which is now, unhappily, so much in evidence

THE TERROR OF THE AIR: A FRENCH AEROPLANE ARMED WITH HAND-BOMBS

Aerial Warfare in the Great Struggle

THE NEW SCIENCE FOR HUMAN SLAUGHTER

WITH the suddenness of a thunderstorm the Great War has broken out, and last week over eight million men took up arms for deadly conflict on land and sea and in the air. What the result of this appalling conflagration will be no man can tell, for new methods and new weapons are being tried.

Aerial navigation is the youngest science applied to warfare, and so rapid has the advance been that each of the principal combatants is well provided with aerial craft. Ten years ago these appliances were not known to the public, and practical application to warlike purposes has only come about in the last five years. Some allowance, therefore, must be made for them in the present war, where the first, and, I hope, the last trial will be made of them in the grim work of human sacrifice.

The most important application of air vessels will be for scouting purposes, and as there are nearly seven hundred aeroplanes and about twenty airships in active service with France and Germany they should effect a great change in the tactics of the rival forces. Certain it is that Germany cannot screen her troops in the manner of 1870.

The keenest ambition of the French aviators is to play the part of human torpedo against the gigantic airships of Germany, and already it has been reported that the well-known flyer, Garros, has charged his aeroplane at full speed against a Zeppelin, wrecking it and killing himself. If not true, the report is quite within the possibilities, and with the airships striving by their guns and their speed to stave off this form of attack from aeroplanes we have one of the most dramatic examples of aerial warfare.

The dropping of bombs from aeroplanes will at first be more spectacular than destructive, and the shooting both from and at flying machines will hardly be very accurate. Night attacks for the purpose of creating scares may prove most unnerving to the men and horses attacked, and there is the likelihood of mad undertakings by volunteer aviators in carrying war far into the heart of the enemy's country, and over the heads of the massed army on which reliance has been placed.

England with her unparalleled fleet of waterplanes has a new addition to her sea forces, and with more confidence than ever can we look for the triumph of our Navy. Mr. Churchill's interest in aeronautics has borne fruit.

One is filled with misery at the employment of the new science for human slaughter, but there is no need to cry out at the imaginary additional horrors which aerial warfare is alleged to have created. What we have to protest against is the fiendishly wanton use of all weapons by the men whose ambitions have made Europe a shambles. And our only protection against these murderous bullies is to fight them—and beat them.

R. P. HEARNE

The Watchers

SEARCHLIGHTS NEAR NANCY ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ZEPPELINS

Feverish excitement has prevailed in the French frontier towns since mobilisation commenced, and amongst the dangers guarded against are night raids by Zeppelin airships. The beautiful city of Nancy is a prominent mark for the aerial raiders, but the French army, in addition to their magnificent aerial corps, have a further safeguard in the special aerial searchlights and guns which they employ

BY ALFRED LEETE

Lightest Vein

There are lighter moments even in times of gravest national crisis, and when one goes to war it is better to go with a light heart than a heavy one. For there is then at least some credit in one's gaiety, and it is this point of view which now, and in the succeeding weeks of war, will be found reflected on this page

AFTER all, it is a great consolation to know that this war was "made in Germany." Articles bearing that inscription usually wear out in a very short time.

* * *

Certain English professors have put forward a declaration that they favour a neutral attitude in this country on account of the great services the Germans have done to scholarship. Certainly the Germans have discovered quite a new reading of the text of the Treaty of 1839 relating to the neutralisation of Belgium.

* * *

Big events introduce big new words, and we rather sympathise with the lady who was so worried lest her husband should be captured at sea by the Germans—"on his voyage from New York in the Moratorium."

* * *

Hoppers and javelin-throwers are rather worried as to whether the Olympiad really will be held at Berlin after all. They should take heart, however, for it is quite possible that there will be some Olympic contests in the neighbourhood of Berlin, even before 1916.

* * *

Experts are of opinion that whatever successes the Austrians may achieve in Russian territory, they will shortly meet with some very considerable Czechs in their own country.

* * *

Mr. Keir Hardie seems to have misread the Rule Britannia ditty. The poet never, of course, suggests that "Britons never, never shall be Slavs."

* * *

Lines to a German Waiter

(*Now Mobilised*)

Friedrich, your English was the rummiest thing;
Often I cursed you for an alien sinner,
When in response to my repeated ring
You went and brought me some one else's dinner.

Often I prayed to Heaven you'd get the sack—
You *would* forget the mustard—twice you dropped
The butter-dish, thrice gravy on my back—
But now I really rather wish you'd stopped.

For I would sooner be half-drowned in trifle
Than know your arm, which once a napkin bore,
Deftly supports a nasty Mauser rifle
Aimed (after all my tips!) at England's core!

Well, since you won't come back for all my wishes,
I'll hope that when the battle-ranks are clustered
You'll drop your gun as often as your dishes,
And be as slack as ever with your mustard!

* * *

According to a censored telegram from Berlin, the Kaiser has promised the Crown Prince that for some months to come he shall be officially considered immune from those distressing attacks of influenza which used so often to confine him to bed in a fortress.

* * *

DIARY OF EVENTS

(*By a Country Lady*)

AUGUST 4.—Reginald came back from Town and said War was bound to be declared at midnight. I thought something must be wrong because he has been ill-tempered for days and has not mentioned Lloyd George once. It is like having suppressed gout for Reginald not to be able to denounce Lloyd George. Silent, gloomy dinner chiefly because the potatoes were not done in their skins. Reginald said that when there was a European conflagration like this anybody might know without being told that potatoes ought to be boiled in their skins. We should be thankful for the skins later.

AUGUST 5.—Great sensation at Mrs. Swinburne-Bumbleby's "at home" owing to Agatha Smith marching in. The last person to leave Switzerland! The gates clanged behind her! Told everybody so, and looked frightfully pleased with herself. Got home to find Araminta, our sow, had presented us with eleven pigs. The sweetest mites. Reginald cheered up at once when I told him and stood and gloated over them the rest of the day.

AUGUST 6.—Tennis tournament at the Nethercotes. Reginald thought it wrong to go, but bucked up owing to having a particularly good partner. Agatha Smith's nose absolutely disjointed. Olive Nethercote arrived in the middle of the tournament, also from Switzerland by last train, the day after Agatha's last. Reginald won tournament, and as potatoes were in skins for dinner, all was well.

AUGUST 7.—Pigs flourishing, but Reginald gloomy again. Said it was no use to go to Town, and weeded tennis lawn instead. Had read in some paper that dandelion roots could be pickled, but had lost receipt, thank heaven. Heard this afternoon that Mrs. Peverley had arrived by last train from Paris. Frightful scenes in Gare du Nord. She had to be lifted over the barriers by French friends. I hope they did not strain themselves, but Mrs. P. weighs 17 stones.

AUGUST 8.—We have an Austrian parlourmaid, poor girl, and she weeps floods of tears. R. says it is sickening that a member of the nation that has started European conflagration and ruined everybody should saturate his house with tears. Afraid he is feeling the loss of Lloyd George severely. Had to praise Redmond, too, for his support of Sir E. Grey. All this very trying. Luckily the Robinsons dropped in to-night, not sure what Triple Alliance was, and R. was able to explain at great length, thus cheering himself up.

London Scenes Which Preceded

THE DECLARATION OF THE WAR OF THE NATIONS

LONDON WAITS FOR NEWS: THE SCENE IN WHITEHALL

On Bank Holiday Monday, while Parliament was sitting on that fateful day, when Sir Edward Grey made his magnificent speech outlining British policy with regard to the European War

The Enemy Within Our Gates

I.—GERMAN VARIETY

GERMANS IN LONDON CHEERING OUTSIDE THE GERMAN CONSULATE GENERAL, BEDFORD PLACE

II.—BRITISH VARIETY

MR. KEIR HARDIE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Germans in London are enthusiastic for war and expressed their feelings last week by cheering in front of the German Embassy. Mr. Hardie is likewise a pro-German—or so it would seem from the speeches he has been making. For any talk of peace now can do nothing but add to Germany's chances of success. It will be noticed that the British Lion in the picture has his back turned to the orator

In Office—And Out

A TRUE PROPHET: EARL ROBERTS, V.C.

Who has for so long been urging us on to believe in the proximity of what has now come to pass—the Great European War. He is here seen walking to the House of Commons on the fateful Tuesday of last week

BEFORE RESIGNATION?

Viscount Morley, the oldest member of the Cabinet, going to the Foreign Office to call on Sir Edward Grey last Tuesday. On that day he resigned his office of Lord President of the Council, and his resignation was accepted

WHEN WILL HE CALL AGAIN?

The German Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, at the door of the Foreign Office last Monday week. He left London with his staff on Thursday last

AN ALWAYS WELCOME VISITOR

M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador, leaving the Foreign Office one day last week after a consultation

Killing the Kaiser With Their Mouth

Photograph *Sport and General*

The crowds outside Buckingham Palace on the night of the declaration of war against Germany. Inset is a photograph of the crowd cheering the Prince of Wales on his visit to the Admiralty

Ready, Aye, Ready!

REGULAR AND IRREGULAR RESPONSE TO THE CALL OF PATRIOTISM

SCOTTISH FISHERMEN OF THE NAVAL RESERVES AT PORTSMOUTH

They are here seen entering the barracks after arriving at Portsmouth in response to the call of duty

THE RUSH TO RECRUIT AT THE CENTRAL LONDON RECRUITING DEPÔT

Patriotic enthusiasm was the keynote of events in London and the provinces last week. Not only did the Naval Reserves respond cheerfully to the call, as would naturally be expected, but there was so great a rush to recruit in London that the men had to be admitted to the recruiting offices in batches, as seen above

Warriors of the Day: Types of R

A TYPICAL COSSACK — RUSSIAN MILITARY POLICE — A RUSSIAN

Readers of the "Bystande" will doubtless be familiar with one or other of the three types of Europea military represented on this page, but few of them, we venture to think, with all three. Our artist ha

Russian, French, and German Military

FANTRY OFFICER

GERMAN INFANTRY ENTRAINING

studied French, German and Russian troops in their several countries, and has produced, as seen above, some admirable sketches of some of the types taking part in the present European War in characteristic attitudes

BY HELEN McKIE

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE LAST STRAW: A MEMORY OF THE BOER WAR

BY M. LING

THE 15th of December, 1899.

That is a date to which some of us who are now again face to face with the horrible realities of war, look back with a dull pain in our hearts, at the recollection of old chums and good comrades lost—a day on which homes were broken up, and women's lives were spoilt. Ah! yes—you remember now—the first battle of Colenso.

Yes, I was out there then. We had a hard time of it in the hospital tents that day. We were working from three in the morning, and were at it late into the night; some of us did not taste food during that time. Those at the operating tables had the worst of it; they did not have a moment's pause from the grim work. And the heat—God! the heat in that tent. I cannot tell you what it was like—you can't imagine it. It is inconceivable to those who have not known. The men, too, must have suffered tortures from thirst, lying all day in the full glare of the sun. The ambulance carts never ceased coming in, and each poor wounded beggar was calling out for water. We had a cup of Bovril ready for each man as he was carried in.

But you wished to hear about Charles Elliston? Yes, I can tell you about him.

He was one of the first to come out; he had enlisted with several more fellows of good birth—and a jolly lot they were too. There was some tale that Elliston was a bit of a drunkard at home, but he was as steady as could be out there, and I never heard a word against him. He was very popular, and I took to him at once.

It appears that he made the most of his opportunities that day. He was lying near Jackson, taking cover behind the boulders. They had some sport between them, Jackson has told me since. Charles was in the best of spirits, enjoying every minute of it. This was what he had come out for, and they were in the thick of it. Rifles roared and rattled round them, Vickers-Maxims rapped like rain on a tin, lyddite shells burst, tearing up the ground, and dealing death to numbers at a time, and above it all roared the never-ending thunder of the cannons. The wonder is, not that the men got out of that hell alive, but that they escaped with their hearing. The noise was terrific. It deafened us in the tents, and we could not hear each other speak.

Jackson told me that after a time Elliston got tired of his invisible foe.

"Look here, Jackson!" he shouted, "what the deuce is the good of shooting like this, and not knowing whether you've hit a soul? I am sick of lying down, I am going to get up and have a look."

"You'll be a fool if you do," said Jackson; "if you show yourself for a moment you'll be picked off."

"I'll chance it, anyhow," said Charles, and before Jackson could stop him he was standing up, a clear mark for the enemy.

Jackson saw him standing for a moment, then he swayed suddenly and reeled backwards, with an ugly thud. The khaki was stained with blood.

"I am bleeding like a pig, Jackson," he said.

Jackson called for two civilians, who were engaged in the merciful work of stretcher-bearing.

"Just wait half a minute, you body-snatchers," said Elliston, not over-politely. "Jackson, will you come here?"

Jackson wriggled on his stomach through the grass.

"I must have a last pot at them," said Elliston, "I shall never have another. Just prop me up against the boulder, will you? It won't matter if they shoot me again."

Jackson managed to do so, bending low and supporting Elliston at the back of his knees.

Charles took careful aim; his hand was remarkably steady even now.

"Got him!" he cried triumphantly, and fell back senseless.

The bearers carried him away.

They took him into one of the operating tents. There were three of these tents—two tables in each. There he was ticketed with his name, regiment, and nature of his wound. He had been shot in the chest, and the bullet had exploded there. It was little short of a miracle that he was alive. When the surgeons had done what they could he was brought in to me.

It gave me a shock to see him when they carried him in, so still and white. I always felt like that when it was a decent chap like Elliston. After a time he began to come round, and spoke to me.

"I suppose there is not much chance, is there, Slater?" he asked.

"None," I replied. We did not mince matters out there. I saw that Strickland, the chaplain, was coming near.

It is a regrettable fact, and one that proves that the ancient prophecies of spinster aunts and Sunday School teachers are apt to err, but Thomas Atkins does not always welcome the presence of the chaplain—in fact, Tommy dies as he lives—quite unconscious of the necessity of repentance. He has had a good time, and he isn't such a cur as to repent, when he knows that he can have no more of it. He prefers to go to the Great Court Martial just as he is—rather dirty, perhaps, but at any rate without excuse and unashamed.

"Would you like to speak to Strickland?" I asked in duty bound.

"No thanks," answered Elliston, "too much of the flies and vultures about *him*," and he chuckled at the nasty little joke.

I was glad that none of the women were there then. I have known many nurses, and one notices the same thing about them all. They can bear the long, tiring discomforts of war with smiles and cheerful hearts; they can see bodies disfigured and mutilated, faces so mangled that the features are well-nigh unrecognisable, horrible operations, and appalling agonies which once seen can never be forgotten—they can see all these without a word, and without one sign of feeling. But at these grim little jests made by men in the midst of

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

their sufferings, the firm lips tremble, and the quiet eyes fill with tears. For, in life, it is not to the impatient sufferers that women give most of their sympathy, but it is to the strong men—the men with the hard faces, and the steady eyes—that women show their best side—the side they reserve for such as these. No idle, sentimental chatter then! Only the quiet sympathy which is felt, but never spoken, which strengthens although it cannot heal.

I left Elliston for some time to attend to the fresh cases which were brought in. When I came back to his bedside I found him in terrible agony. I quickly mixed a glass of brandy and water, and brought it to him to drink. He looked at it eagerly, but when I held the glass close to his lips he pushed it away, with an oath.

"Take it away, man!" he cried.

The heat was intense. The pain, I saw, was almost unbearable.

"It's only brandy and water, Elliston," I said; "it will ease you a little."

"You d——d fool; I came out here to get away from that—promised a girl I wouldn't touch drink for a year. Take it away. Get me some water, quick!"

I fetched a glass of cold water; he drank with difficulty.

Much against my will I had to leave him again. There was some trouble about arrangements, for the tent was now fully occupied. It was a long time before we could decide what could be done.

When, at last, I got back I found Charles still in great pain. I did what little I could to relieve him, but it was now only a matter of a few minutes. These last moments were heart-rending to watch. Suddenly he opened his eyes, and looked at me.

"Hope I shot that poor devil clean," he said.

He did not speak again. M. Ling

The Property Market

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Photographs Sport and General, Central News, and Lafayette, Dublin.

evive and renew the old glories of the Royal Navy, and prove once again the sure shield of Britain and her Empire in the hour of trial."

KING GEORGE'S MESSAGE TO ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLICOE AND THE BRITISH NAVY

THE BYSTANDER AMONG . . . THE BOOKS . . .

BY RALPH STRAUS

Belgium

The position of the smaller States in Europe has probably never been so eagerly examined as to-day. Hence the publication of Mr. John MacDonnell's *Belgium: Her Kings, Kingdom and People* (Long: 15*s.* net) appears at a timely moment. Belgium is a modern State not yet a hundred years old. Its first King was that Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who after losing his chance of becoming King-Consort of England, and refusing the crown of Greece, ascended the throne in Brussels. You may read much of him in the Letters of Queen Victoria. His son, the second Leopold, emerges from Mr. MacDonnell's interesting pages in rather a new light. That he was a first-rate business man will not be denied, but the author's assertion that everything he did was for Belgium rather than for Leopold himself may come in for adverse criticism. The second half of the book deals with life in the Belgium of to-day. It is easy to be dull in a volume of this kind, but Mr. MacDonnell writes easily, and without in any way pretending to be of the "standard" type, his book is a not unimportant contribution to topographical literature.

Photograph] "IAN HAY" [*Elliott and Fry*

Mr. John H. Beith, whose new novel, "A Knight on Wheels," has just been published by Hodder and Stoughton, and is reviewed on this page

Entertaining Eccentricities

"Ian Hay's" new novel, *A Knight on Wheels* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*), begins well. You are introduced to Uncle Joseph Meldrum, who, with his nephew Philip, aged fourteen, is engaged in writing begging-letters under various aliases, and in daily obtaining large sums of money. His various aliases have often been pilloried in *The Searchlight*, and the existence of a Master-Beggar has been deduced by its editor. Uncle Joseph, indeed, is a Master-Beggar, but not for himself. Every penny he obtains goes to some really deserving object. And such is Ian Hay's humour that some of these ill-gotten gains go even to the editor of *The Searchlight!* So far so good. The opening chapters make first-rate reading. But Uncle Joseph, who had a disappointment with a lady long years ago, meets the lady again—Philip by a mistake had written his real address at the top of one of the begging-letters—and from that moment he goes out of the story, which henceforth proceeds on rather more ordinary lines. This, I fancy, most readers will regret. Philip's various adventures bring him into contact with a number of amusing people, and his creator writes so wittily that you read on with great pleasure, but really Uncle Joseph was far more interesting than his nephew, and I cannot believe that even marriage can have taken all interest away from him. Mr. Mablethorpe, however, a scatter-brained novelist, in part takes his place. Peggs is all that a heroine should be, and Brand's little love affair is well told. In fact, everything is well done, and *A Knight on Wheels* is a delightful book, but its construction is rather poor, and in some ways Philip, who is of the strong silent variety, does not altogether fit in with the entertaining eccentricities who surround him.

More of "Sunningwell"

Some fifteen years ago the present Vice-Provost of Eton published a book called *Sunningwell*, which was a quiet, graceful picture of life in a small town rather than what is usually called a novel. In *Dr. Ashford and His Neighbours* (Murray: 6*s.*) he gives us another picture of the same city. The book is written partly in the manner of Trollope, partly in that of Arthur Benson. It is scholarly, unhurried, very human. It is fiction, of course, and there is a certain amount of narrative—several little stories, in fact—but you read it, leisurely, for what it is, a restful picture of a little community. For some of his more contemplative passages Mr. Warre Cornish commandeers the diary of one of his characters, a lame scholar, whose *Quisquiliae* might almost have been published by itself. Dr. Ashford himself is, perhaps, the least pleasant of the people described, but he is as real as everyone of his neighbours. It would be a good thing were some of our younger novelists to take a hint or two from the author. The writing of good prose is an art which seems to be on the downward grade. *Dr. Ashford and His Neighbours* will not suit the reader out for sensation. There is no detective and no murder, but there is good writing and much understanding of men and women. It is a quiet backwater of a book, delicately discriminating, a book to browse over at odd intervals.

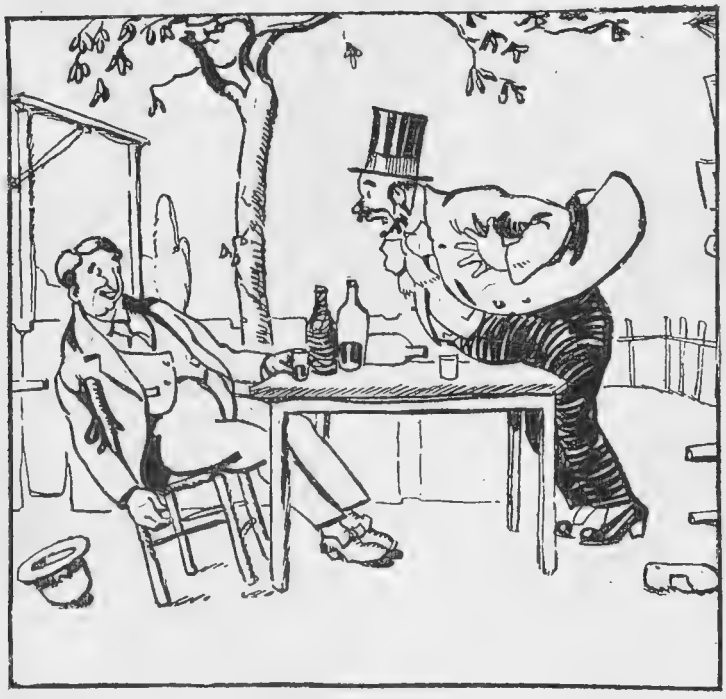
"War"

A short while ago *The North Afire* (Methuen: 2*s.* net), by W. Douglas Newton, may possibly have had a more piquant interest for Englishmen than it will have to-day. It is a cleverly drawn sketch of what might have happened in Ulster had not the greater war come to close up our ranks. In *War* Mr. Newton showed how peculiarly well-fitted he was to describe the attendant horrors of war. To-day, in the stress of things, both his books may possibly be read and understood much in the way that their author would most wish.

RALPH STRAUS

HUMOUR—

AT THE EXPENSE OF THE CONTINENTAL VARIETY OF THE STAY-AT-HOME WARRIOR



"I know geography. Six hours it would take our airships to reach Berlin. Haven't I been to school, stupid?"

"Sure enough: and you came back stupid, too" *(Le Rire)*

PATRIOT: "Sie sollen uns nur kommen"
(Let them all come!)

THE LAST OVER THE BORDER

SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING TRAVELLER: "What, five hours' journey from here to the frontier? It's only four miles as the crow flies."

PEASANT: "If your wings will bear you, you'd better go that way. You'll probably find it safer all round"

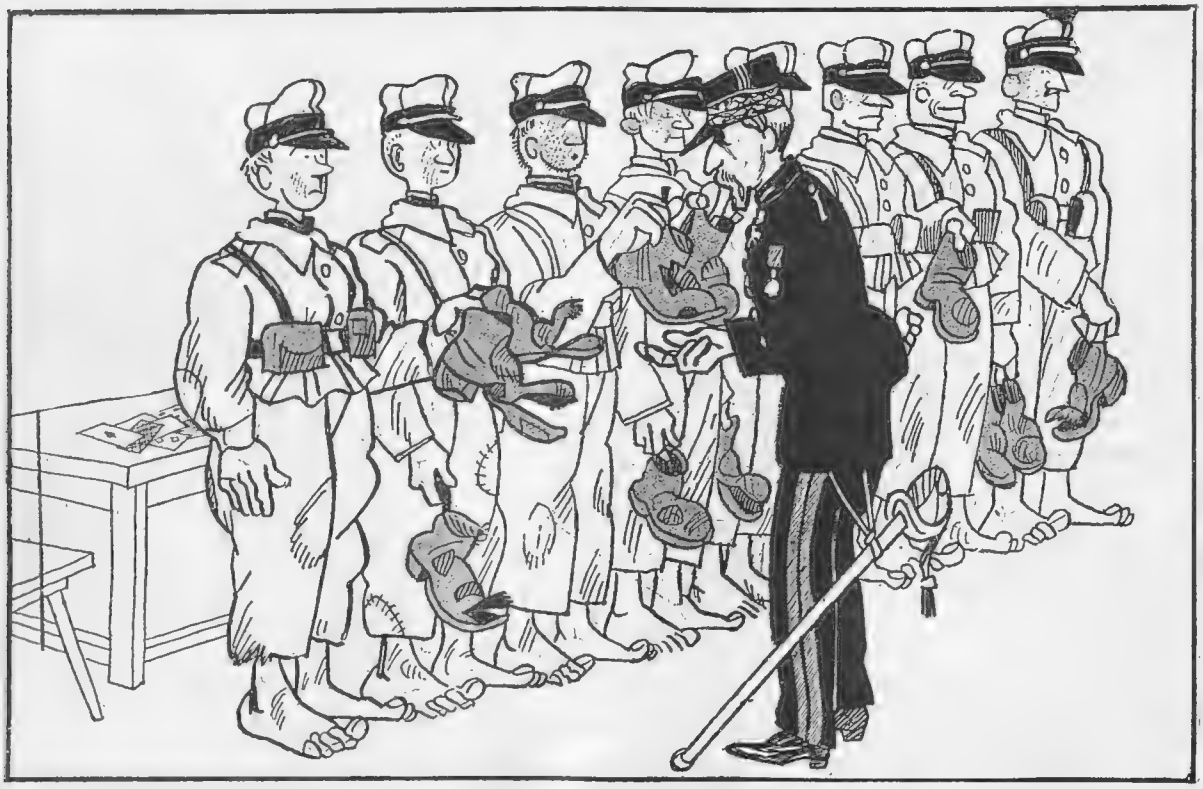
(Meggendorfer Blätter, Munich)

On A War "Footing"

JESTS AT THE EXPENSE OF FRENCH ARMY BOOTS

SOLDIER: "I'm on a War Footing sure enough now: but which foot is going to do the fighting?"

(From *Le Rire*)



INSPECTOR-GENERAL (during boot parade): "These boots have good augury for France. They signify our Army is marching through"

(From *Lustige Blätter*)

From John Bull's Other Island

BY A BYSTANDER IN DUBLIN

War for External Application

INTERNATIONAL war has proved the great Conciliator in Ireland. You cannot give much attention to the dismemberment of the Empire when you are not certain whether you will have an Empire to dismember. A man engaged in a duel to the death forgets about his indigestion. So Ulster Volunteers and Nationalist Volunteers are now devotedly willing to give their lives for one another against the common enemy. The Nationalists—like so many political organisations—openly announce themselves as non-political, as though there were something shady about politics, which, as I am no political expert, may or may not be true for all I know. They welcome "all able-bodied Irishmen, without distinction of creed, politics or social grade," and look forward to displaying a flag of orange and green.

Our Friend the Enemy

There is a geniality about the Nationalist Volunteer which makes one know that he would rather fight somebody else—*e.g.* Germany—than Ulster (the Irish are naturally one of the most peaceable peoples in the world; the English are ferocious by comparison). A few stories are current which go to show in some measure how very ripe was Ireland for the conciliation which has so happily been effected, as announced in Sir Edward Grey's speech in the House on Bank Holiday Monday. I hear that, not long ago, a company of Nationalist Volunteers, passing a company of Ulstermen, and being uncertain as to the customary etiquette between deadly enemies—saluted. In a northern district there was only one field suitable for drilling, and as the two opposition armies wanted it, the owner began bidding them against each other. Northern canniness asserted itself. The commanding officer of one battalion approached the enemy, and they agreed to rent the field in common, and use it on alternate days! A third anecdote (they were all told me by Nationalists—not, of course, that that reflects on them in any way!). While some Ulster Volunteers were drilling a Nationalist was seen sitting on a fence watching them. Questioned by an Ulsterman he explained that his own company had mislaid their rifles and couldn't drill; "but," he added, "we were waiting to see if we could get the loan of yours when you've done with them."

The Quietest Place in Europe

In the Maori War in New Zealand the natives several times sent to our troops to offer to lend them ammunition if they had not enough to go on fighting. Probably many of the Nationalist soldiers are young bloods out for a bit of "divarsion." Unfortunately, the first skirmishes of the American Civil War began in exactly the same spirit, and it ended by leaving the country a blackened desert. But the last few weeks have rearranged everything. The Continent is now impossible for tourists, and those who have not yet had their holiday will, many of them, be driven to Ireland, and find it, perhaps, the quietest place in Europe; and the London and North-Western Railway do all they can to encourage the idea, for they have asked themselves the all-important question—as some other railways have not—"what do the public want?" and found the answer—that the public want to "get there" quickly and with as little fuss as possible.

News as She is Shouted

Newspapers have been simply sold out in Ireland on exciting occasions, and "extra specials" have brought in a harvest to paper-sellers, even when they contained nothing more sensational than a change in the price of consols or the report of a hurling match. The street vendor is an expert in the uttering of ambiguous and guttural cries which keep clear of the law and arouse interest. The slightest political crisis brings out "extra special" shriekers towards midnight like slugs after a shower of rain, with yells of "*Telegraph! Awful hurrumsh,*" or "*Evening Hurr'ld. Blatherum in the Dublin boomshery. Winner!*" I have seen large fortunes raked in wholesale by a good natural actor of a news-seller who rushed down the street with a purple face and apoplectic stutter. I bought an evening paper (taking a note of his name and address for purposes of prosecution) from an odoriferous tramp who announced, "Irish Volunteers. Policeman killed! Awful!" and found that a constable had been bitten by a gnat and died of blood-poisoning some weeks later. And I had paid panic prices for the paper too! However, the Irish public are extraordinarily quick-witted, and scent a fraud in a tenth of the time taken by an Englishman. Just after a street affray, when Dublin was alive with expectant crowds two unshaven ruffians pushed about hysterically crying, "British troops gurgled in Mumble Street. Late Pink Edition." "Aghaghalough! Mummellers mummled!" "Hullaballaller! Horrible goorooroorooo! Crummsher! Six-Thirty Green. Hough!" But there were no takers; the crowd only laughed.

Irish "New Journalism"

Irish newspapers have advanced as fast as anything in the country. Not many years ago the evening papers at least were, many of them, the ridicule of the Irish themselves. Leading articles consisted of verbosity and abuse. Nowadays the leader—and other article—writing is on a very high level, and in arrangement and other details many Irish papers can compare with anything in England—except, of course, THE BYSTANDER. The Irish—male and female—devour newspapers; in evening papers Dublin is heavily over-supplied. The newsboy is simply a pest; he is often a newsman—a semi-criminal person of the submerged-tenth type corresponding to the cab-tout of London, who requests, or, rather, commands, you to buy a paper with the insolence of the blackmailer.

Initial Difficulties

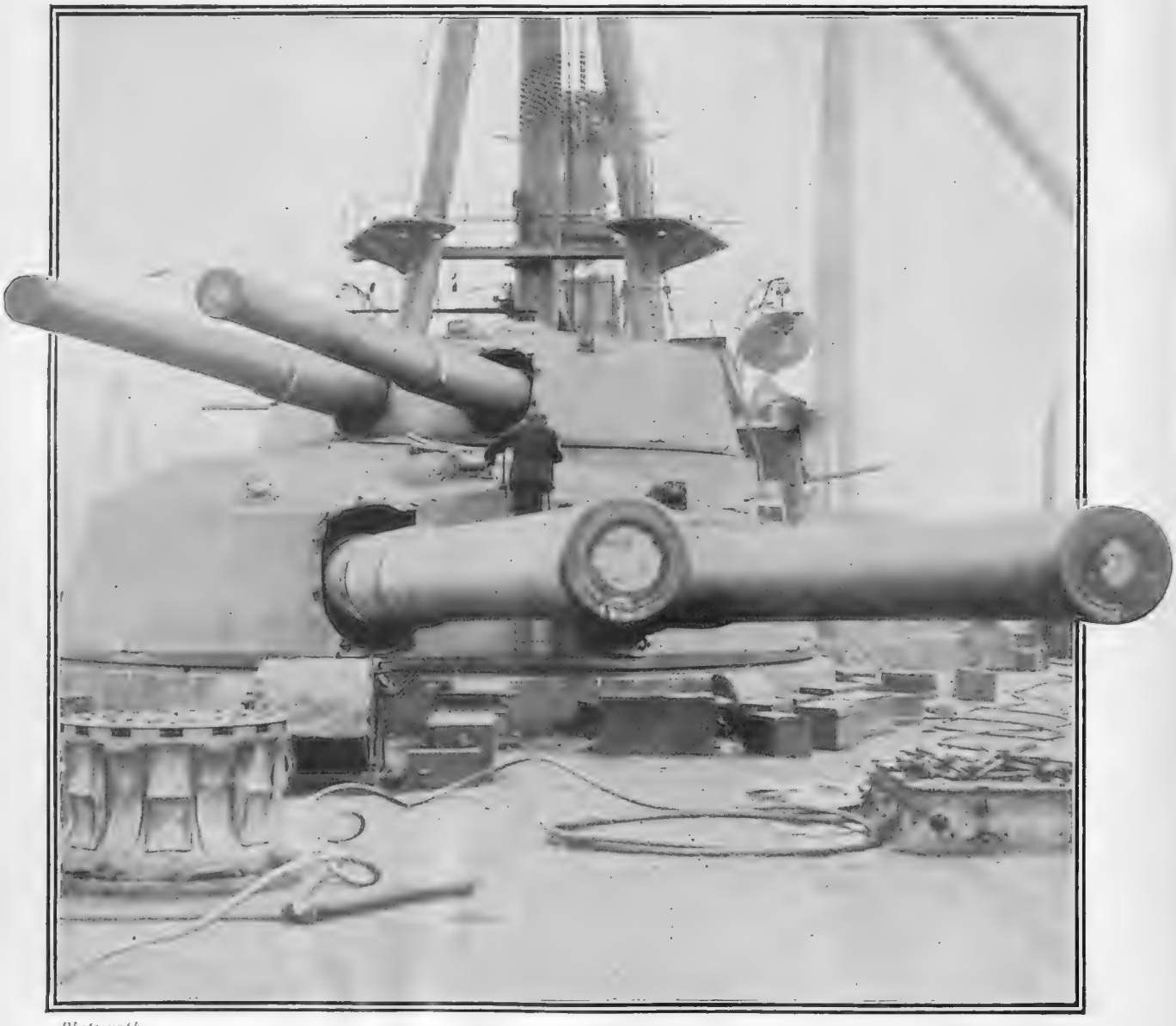
Irish journalism beats every other in the world that I know of in one department—the use of capital letters. You have to have a special training to translate the continual initials. R.I.C., R.M., I.C., and a few others are simple enough, and most people know that N.V. means National Volunteers, A.O.H.

is obvious, but what about B.O.E., S.O.E., V.F., I.T.W.U., S.O.E. (not a nautical signal, though it looks like it), I.C.A., U.I.L. ? These are all taken at haphazard out of newspapers, who use them as if they were ordinary common nouns. Every Irish editor refers to the D.M.P., not the Dublin Police, the D.C.A., not the Dublin Citizens' Association, the D.U.T.'s, not the tramways, the T.C., not the Town Council. Ireland is heavily over-capitalised. A newspaper is a series of code signals between the editor and his readers, like the flag language at sea. It may be the outcome of the national secretiveness, but it must hit penny-a-liners extremely hard, and be a serious drain on printers' capital letters. Fancy a foreigner trying to make out a sentence such as " Motions have been passed at meetings of the U.I.L. and A.O.H. (B.O.E.) dealing with the affray between the I.V. and the K.O.S.B.'s. Detachments of the D.M.P. attended gatherings of the G.A.A. and G.F.C., and a P.P.—(S.O.S.—Ed. Bystander).

Larkinese

The Volunteer movement has created a new weekly, *The Irish Volunteer,* and that moderate and impartial politician, Mr. Larkin, is the editor of a refined journal, *The Irish Worker.* He adopts the celebrated Horace Creeley's advice to editors—" make enemies," and hands out punches and upper-cuts liberally to every party with impartiality. He has a temperate leading article with the conciliatory title, " Birrell's Bloody Bullies," and has a misprint on his placard this week—a thing I have never noticed in journalism before. The Volunteer paper is very fair, except for some fervid poetry with amazing experiments in metre. Throughout the country there is certainly an unaccustomed " go " about business and things generally, due directly to the reconciliation which the common danger of the Empire, face to face with war against Germany, has brought about, such a reconciliation as all the best "settlement" schemes were unavailing to achieve in times of peace. Hill Rowan

England's Mouthpiece for "Conversations" with Germany



Photograph *Sport and General*

TWO 13·5 GUNS ON BOARD A SUPER-DREADNOUGHT

In the bigger class of gun England is immeasurably superior to Germany. She has 132 of 13·5 calibre, whereas Germany has nothing larger than 12 inch guns, of which she has 108—and of these England again has 292. Germany, however, also mounts another 126 11 inch guns, but the balance is still greatly in our favour

"The One Bright Spot"

Our artist has been in Ireland busy collecting impressions of life at the present time of crisis, in what Sir Edward Grey described in his great speech as "the one bright spot" among the dark clouds that envelop the sky of international politics

BY NORMAN MORROW

A STATE OF WAR

FOLLOWING NATURE'S VERY BAD EXAMPLE

BY "JINGLE"

PANEGYRICS on the quietude and peace of the countryside always seem to me to be a little overdone. Here, in this rural spot in which I find myself at the moment, there is evidence of discord and strife on every hand, reflecting in miniature the dismal scuffling of the larger world outside. In the big cities there are so many noises that one lot seems to neutralise the other, just as several rays of different hues combine to form a colourless light. But in this spacious solitude every accentuated noise has the stage all to itself for a while. If a cock crows prematurely here, his top-note must be audible for miles. Last night I was kept awake for an hour at least by the braying of a donkey a mile away. And there are those who would tell us that the donkey is a dumb animal!

The main road is at least five hundred yards from my rural retreat, and yet the other morning I was awakened from my beauty sleep by a tuneful waggoner who was leading his team along that road to the harvest fields, and singing lustily as he went to the effect that in Trafalgar Bay the Frenchmen lay. In a busy London street his song would probably have passed unnoticed, but breaking in upon this tremendous silence it crashes through the open window and almost rips the paper from the walls. Carlyle once said: "Give me the man who sings at his work!" I can only suppose that the Sage wanted to get the fellow in order to wring his neck.

"I like to sit in the calm of eventide and watch the sun setting"

By G. E. Studdy

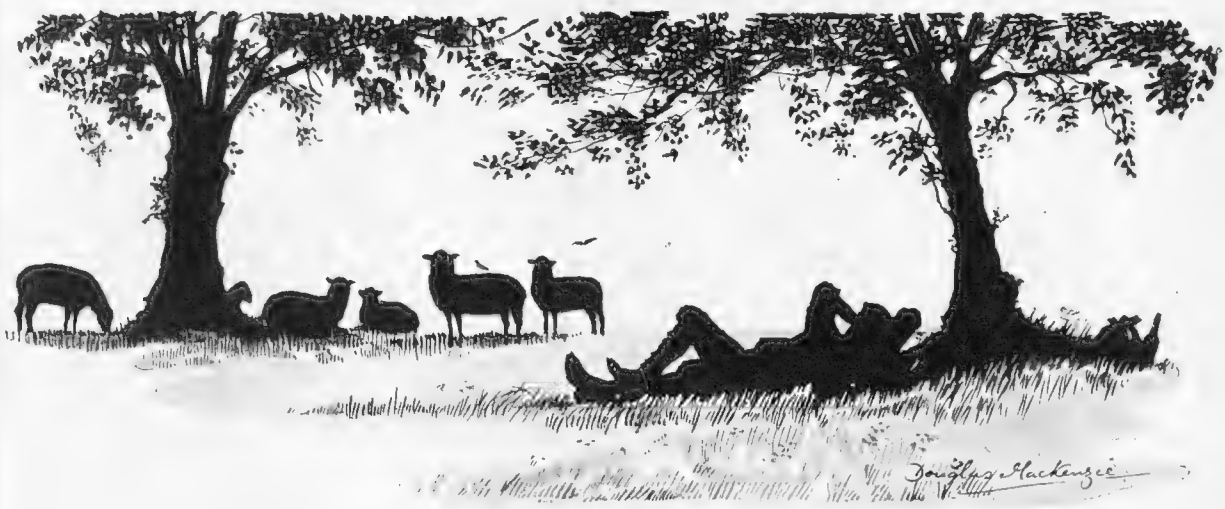
I think the country is one of the best places in the world in which to realise the turmoil and mercilessness of war. Quite early the other morning I was prematurely awakened by the noise of a fearful fight in the eaves over my window. In the light of the subsequent explanation vouchsafed by my landlord I find myself in the position of a rightly illuminated war-correspondent. The facts are these. A swallow originally built his nest there with the idea of marrying and settling down. One unhappy day, however, a piratical sparrow came along and, taking a fancy to the nest that the swallow had built, seized it, and, so to speak, hoisted the Jolly Roger over his prize. Hence, as the poet has said, these tears.

The swallow is a beautiful and gentlemanly bird, but it is too polite to enjoy the real luxury of an ill-bred scuffle, even when its hearth and home are at stake. Its chief accomplishment is its power for rapid flight, and in this particular instance the marauding sparrow seems to have asked for nothing better than that. The farther and faster the swallow flew away from the nest, the better the sparrow was pleased. Every now and again, however, the swallow calls up a supply of Dutch courage, and decides to make another fight for the old home; and it was such a fight as that which was taking place under my window on that eventful morning. As far as I could gather the swallow was making a very respectable show, because the sparrow was positively gasping for breath after the first round or so, while Mrs. Sparrow and the little ones came to the door of the nest and practically shrieked for the police. You could almost hear the dull thud as one or the other got in a well-directed left-hander; but in the end I observed to my regret that the swallow retired. At about seventy miles an hour. It had evidently come to the conclusion that if you can keep your home together only by vulgar scuffling it is better to have no home at all.

It was Schopenhauer, I think, who was one of the first to remind us that the pleasing prospect of trees and streams stretched out before the spectator is really nothing more than a huge battle-ground whereon every living thing save man is fighting "red in tooth and claw" for its very life. And in the midst of such scenes of overwhelming peace and holy calm even man himself is not always able to remain neutral. Myself, I like to sit in the calm of eventide and watch the sun setting in the golden West, as they say in the poetry books; but this year I have never been able to indulge in my hobby to any great extent. There are, for instance, the flies. I do not know if Mr. H. G. Wells has included this feature in his programme of the forthcoming War in the Air, but it seems to me that you cannot very well escape it in the countryside. As soon as you have taken a comfortable seat on the grassy sward a fly will come up and bite you on the back of the neck, just for luck. It will then give the signal to its friends—about a million and a half of them—that the browsing in those parts is not at all bad, and you find yourself compelled either to change your seat or to fight a fearful fight to the death with all the flies in the county. People who talk of the peacefulness of the countryside are crying peace when there is no peace. It is war all the time. JINGLE

Peace in War Time

MORNING



AFTERNOON

EVENING

THREE SILHOUETTES OF THE UNCHANGING ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

On the peaceful prosecution of whose work depend the food-supplies of England

BY DOUGLAS MACKENZIE

Where the Premier Recuperates After Weeks of Stress and Strain

SUTTON COURTNEY WEIRS, NEAR WHICH IS MR. ASQUITH'S RIVER RESIDENCE

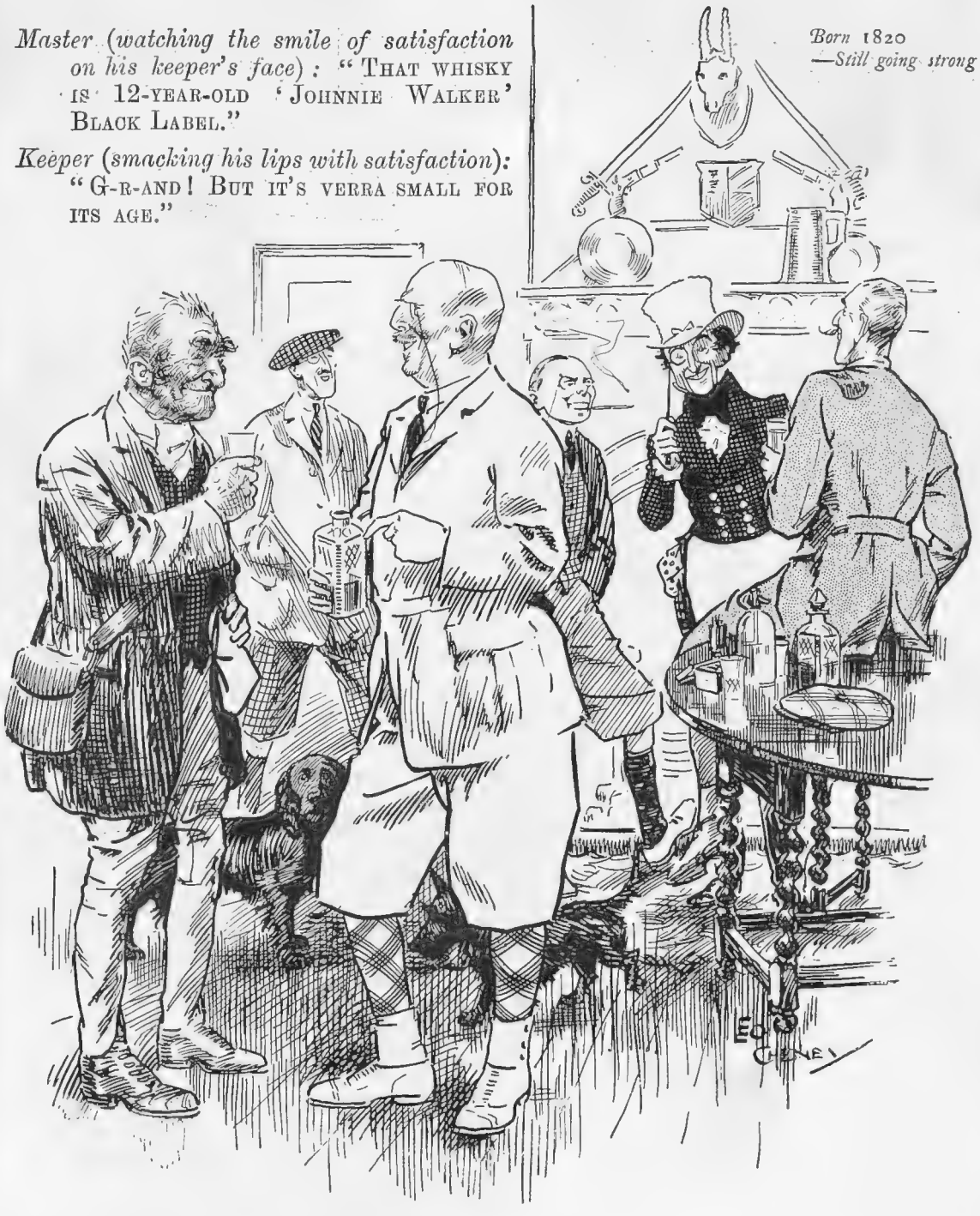
A mile or two below Abingdon the Thames divides into two streams, one of which leads to Culham Lock and the other to Sutton Courtney, half a mile down. This village, with its charming weirs, is justly considered by many to be the prettiest in the whole of the Thames Valley

We are indebted for this picture to the courtesy of the publishers of "The Silvery Thames," by Walter Jerrold, illustrated by Ernest W. Haslehurst, Messrs. Alfred Cooke, Ltd., Leeds, the owners of the copyright

Master (watching the smile of satisfaction on his keeper's face): "THAT WHISKY IS 12-YEAR-OLD 'JOHNNIE WALKER' BLACK LABEL."

Keeper (smacking his lips with satisfaction): "G-R-AND! BUT IT'S VERRA SMALL FOR ITS AGE."

Born 1820
—Still going strong



There is really *nothing* small about "Johnnie Walker." Big ageing reserve stocks to meet big increasing demand, big time allowance to ensure big guarantee of big quality throughout this big world. Although "born in 1820," "Johnnie Walker" is *big* for its age.

Every drop of "Johnnie Walker" Black Label is over 12 years old.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

15 JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

Femina

WOMEN AND WAR—No. I.

BY "EFEMERA"

Women's Lot

There is a widespread delusion to the effect that women as a class are inimical to war, a peace-loving sex, horrified at even the possibility of strife or bloodshed. Nothing could be more natural since the heaviest burden of war falls upon women. They share none of the honour and glory of victory, none of the excitement of actual combat. Their lot is to sit at home in the anguish of uncertainty, to endure patiently hardship and bereavement for which no national success can compensate. This being so, women might obviously be expected to throw their weight, as a sex, against war and warlike preparations. But do they do it?

Heroines of the Past

On the eve of a popular war women have always been as full of patriotic fervour as men, and, apparently, no less blood-thirsty as regards the enemy. They seem to accept as their particular mission cheering the departing troops, regardless of personal sacrifice. The heroines praised as the honour of their sex and held up as exemplars of what women can do are not the gentle and peace-loving female, but militant Jael, Cornelia, the patriotic mother of the Gracchi, Joan of Arc. . . . Even Florence Nightingale won her place in the heart of humanity not through peaceful and civilian endeavour, but by her work in field hospitals—the active service of nursing.

Warrior Heroes

As for the men most admired by the opposite sex, how many women place Lister, Pasteur, and Marconi above Napoleon, Cæsar, and Alexander the Great? Where is the schoolgirl whose hero is not a military one? There seems to be no very good reason why the glamour of military laurels should raise the destructors of human life above its saviours. And, mark you, Napoleon, Cæsar, and Alexander are not admired for their constructive genius or for any permanent fruits of civil administration: they are heroes because of their feats of arms. Firemen and coastguards, whatever their bravery, whatever life-saving they may have accomplished, are not in it as a class, so far as popularity is concerned, with soldiers and sailors.

Schoolgirl Hero-Worship

The romance of militarism is inbred in women from childhood. The glamour of the uniform spreads over feminine minds like a blight. I hardly recollect a girl, in my boarding school days, who did not aspire to a lover in the army or navy. When our imaginations soared we pictured ourselves nursing the wounded on the battlefield. That may be set down as schoolgirl nonsense, but who has not heard women of mature years praising war as a national discipline? Who has not witnessed their adoration of some military hero? We all know the mother, proud of the fact that she has three sons in the army, who looks down on the mothers of mere civilians with pity tinged by contempt.

Military Virtues in Peace

There is little excuse and less logic for this attitude on the part of women. Patriotism is as necessary to the conduct of affairs in peace as in war, and as a virtue it is quite as admirable, even if lacking in spectacular elements. Women have been accused of lack of imagination, and it would seem that the charge is a just one, since it is evident that where war is concerned women have all to lose and little to gain, and little or no effort is required to picture the distress and bereavement in thousands of homes even where the issue is successful. There is ample scope for the exercise of the so-called military virtues, daring, bravery and fortitude, in everyday life, if one but choose to see it . . . but, of course, the incentive of conspicuousness, the accompaniment of trumpet, drum, and scare-head captions are lacking. After all, great victories are won, not so much by the daring of individuals as by the discipline and staying power of the man in the ranks, who remains obscure and unsung.

"War is Hell"

General Sherman, who had some experience in the matter, once said that war is hell, and he has never been contradicted. Sometimes, as in the present case, it comes as a bitter necessity, from which there is no honourable escape, a trial by fire through which we must pass to save the national soul alive. As such we must accept it as an unavoidable calamity, but there is little excuse for the men and less for the women who in times of peace preach it as an abstract virtue, lavish their admiration on the aggressor as a type, and urge a policy of blood and iron. They are the people who, wittingly or unwittingly, pave the way for world-wide disaster. It is one thing to be prepared, when put to the test, to do one's duty, at the cost of infinite sacrifice, whether individually or as a nation, but quite another with Gadarene madness to urge the gravest evil that can befall a country as that country's aim and supreme benefit.

Manœuvres at Sea

WHICH HAVE NO CONNECTION WHATEVER WITH THE WAR

In spite of the War there are still some people at the sea-side in addition to the Territorial Regiments and others guarding our shores, and some of these holiday-makers who are lucky enough to be in possession of a motor boat are disporting themselves, as seen above, at "planking," which is the process of being towed (in bathing costume!) at a swift pace on a plank

(*Continued from page 394*)

The Irresponsible Enthusiast

Those who understand the true nature of war and its far-reaching consequences are the least eager to engage, and who, when the issues are joined, bear uncomplainingly the burden and heat of the day while the irresponsible enthusiast takes to cover, rending the air with lamentation. "I never thought it would be like this!" . . . And why not, pray? The facts are there for all men, and women, to read.

EFEMERA

Shopping Notes

BY MRS. JACK MAY

The Crinoline Danger

WELL, we have weathered a season that has probably never been surpassed for eccentricities in the matter of dress; those of incorrigibly optimistic spirit have taken comfort in the thought that we are passing through a transition period, traversing a bridge from the nothingless *ingénue* type of frock to voluminosity and crinolines. Yes, there are authorities who are boldly talking crinolines. But the chances are that so far as the actual excrescence itself is concerned it will end in talk. Not so, however, the full balloon skirt supported on be-frilled petticoat, that may be said to be as pretty well assured as anything can be in these days of quickly changing moods and fancies.

The ballroom promises to have the privilege of assisting at the début of the really full frocks, and as there will be no terpsichorean events of any social importance for the next month or two we may let the crinoline suggestion rest in peace, enjoying meanwhile the elegant advantages of the full tunic. When you come to think of it, this was an extraordinarily clever subterfuge, a really magnificent inspiration for educating the eye to freer lines and more flowing effects.

Pinafore Gowns

These are unquestionably among the biggest successes of the summer season, and are so ineffably charming that it seems impossible to believe we shall allow them to pass away with the warm weather. The contrasting sleeve has ever had an attractive value, and as it has been expressed just lately, has gained an added charm in the natural way it is allowed to issue from deep armholes. Almost under these circumstances the pinafore frock was inevitable, and the summer is still sufficiently young to permit consideration of the original design depicted. This scheme is carried out in very fine navy serge with soft black satin for the skirt and sash, and sleeves of white spot net, drawn to the wrist by bracelets of the black satin. Doubtless the sleeves and collar are mounted on to a separate underslip, anyway that would be the most practical method of going about things and also enable alternative sleeves to be introduced, black satin ones, for example.

A PINAFORE FROCK

Of original design, carried out in very fine navy blue serge with soft black satin for skirt and sash and sleeves of white spot net drawn to the wrist by bracelets of black satin

(SKETCHED BY M. MARCHANT)

Sleeveless Coatees

Considerable novelty characterises, too, the fashioning of the tunic, which has the appearance of being arranged *en princesse* at the one side, and also falls considerably deeper in front than at the back, which makes for change and variety.

As for the seductive little sleeveless boleros and coatees, they serve positively innumerable ends; in velvet they are the epitome of *chic*, but suggest heat; in tussore they are pretty and summer-like, while in taffeta, plain and flowered, they partake more of the *casaquin* concluding in a crossed draped sash.

Concerning "Cravenette" Proof

Goods shower-proofed by this process are so thoroughly established in public estimation that it is almost needless to speak of their many advantages. The "Cravenette" proofed fabrics are eminently suitable for all weathers and at all times, as they keep the wearer warm in cold weather, cool in hot weather, and dry in wet weather. The proof is rain and weather-resisting, as it treats each separate fibre of the cloth, and, therefore, is permanently rain-proof, water running off as from a duck's back. It will stand rough wear, and will last as long as the garment. Ventilation is perfect owing to the goods being porous; there is, therefore, no danger of overheating. Being perfectly hygienic, they are ideal fabrics, as they do not induce perspiration, thus ensuring health and satisfaction to the wearer. Any inquiries readers may wish to make should be sent to the Cravenette Company, Ltd., Dept. 24, Well Street, Bradford.

My Lady's Shoes

A lady's shoes for summer wear should be light and flexible, dainty in appearance, perfect in cut and style, yet capable of successfully withstanding the worst vagaries of our English spring. Such shoes are "Norvic," made in the ancient City of Norwich, whence formerly came fine silken and woollen stuffs. There is about "Norvic" shoes an indefinable air of correct style, real elegance and made-to-measure distinction. They are made on the hand-sewn principle and it is extraordinary what a number of hand processes are necessary in the selection of the leathers, the cutting, the lasting, the fitting and the sewing. The result is they do not lose their stylish shape even after a long period in wear, and when you slip your foot into a "Norvic" shoe you recognise it as something made in the right way to fit the foot.

THE INSURANCE LEVIATHAN

THERE would seem to be a tendency for big business to move Westwards, and it is a significant fact that the leviathan of big concerns, the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, has now removed from Cornhill to Norfolk Street, Strand. The accompanying photographs afford some conception of the sumptuous and impressive nature of their new premises.

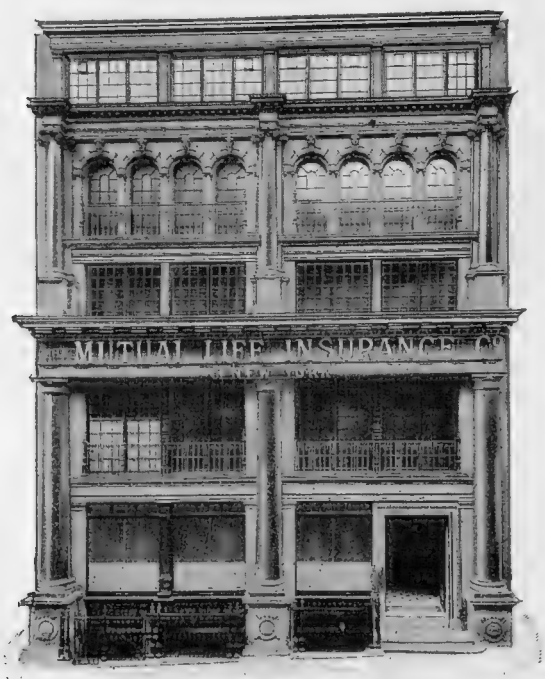
The business of the Mutual Life is done on so wide a basis and on so vast a scale that its immensity is well-nigh overwhelming. The figures are almost too big to grasp. During the Company's existence it has paid to policy-holders in the way of death claims, matured endowments, cash surrender values, and bonuses the enormous sum of £233,158,851, and has accumulated for policy-holders £122,987,366, making a total benefit to policy-holders aggregating £356,146,217.

These are huge figures indeed, but that the business of the Company has been steadily progressive is shown by the figures for 1913, when the Company received from policy-holders the sum of £12,025,126 16*s.* 2*d.*, and paid to policy-holders the sum of £13,076,445 19*s.* 2*d.*, and increased the accumulated funds for the benefit of policy-holders by £1,569,825 2*s.* 5*d.* So that the total benefits to policy-holders amounted to £14,646,270 6*s.* 7*d.*, an excess above the amount received of £2,621,144 10*s.* 5*d.*

These figures can be better brought home to one's mind by taking the year referred to—that is to say, from January 1 to December 31 of 1913—and taking the year as 302 working days of eight hours each, giving the amounts received and paid out every second, every minute, and so on—

	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d
Every second ..	1 7 7	1 10 0	2 5
,, minute ..	82 19 1	90 4 1	7 5 0
,, hour ..	4,977 5 9	5,412 8 8	435 2 11
,, day ..	39,818 6 0	43,299 9 9	3,481 3 9
,, week ..	239,068 2 6	259,969 2 1	20,900 19 7
,, month ..	1,002,093 18 0	1,089,703 16 7	87,609 18 7
From Jan. 1 to Dec. 31 ..	12,025,126 16 2	13,076,445 19 2	1,051,319 3 0

In face of these huge figures, which show that the Mutual Life has paid to its policy-holders 233,158,851 pounds—equivalent to as much as one-fourth of the sum paid by 221 other American Companies—it is of particular interest to refer back to the beginnings of the Mutual Life. The Company was started without capital by a number of gentlemen agreeing to take insurance amounting to £200,000. The Company was incorporated purely and solely on a mutual basis—a small number of persons combined in a common cause for their joint benefit. It is interesting to see how well their venture succeeded.



The business during 1843 was 470 policies issued, and the premiums received during the year amounted to £7,458 15*s.* 10*d.* The President's salary was £75 per month, the Secretary received £45, and, judging by the entries in the President's cash-book, there was, at the outset, a great uncertainty as to the Company's future, for it appears from the record that the officials drew their salaries in instalments, waiting until there was sufficient cash in hand for the purpose.

When the first claim occurred it was necessary, so as not to disturb the investments of the Company, to get a bill for £2,000 discounted. Naturally, the strictest economy was exercised. The officers' salaries, the rent, the coal and candle bill, and the like, were the sole expenses of the first year.

The flight over seventy-one years to the present position is like that of the aeroplane. It is indicative of skill, care, and courage. Like all illustrations, the one I have given is but partial. It would be difficult to compare anything with the absolute certitude, the unshakable security, of the Mutual in its powerful progress in the path of prosperity.

The causes for the unique and undisturbed position of the Mutual to-day are many, every life insurance need being supplied, whether it be the protection of the life during the first few years of an enterprise of moment, the provision of death duties, the education of children, or the securing of a life income to a wife or invalid son or daughter, etc. But not the smallest factor in the Mutual's success is the determination of the Company, upon which the Company has acted throughout, that there shall be no misunderstanding between themselves and their policy-holders. The policy-holder can have no misgiving as to the full preservation of all his rights and equities under the contracts, for they are framed solely in his interest. They are comprehensive and complete, embracing every liberal feature and safeguarding every right of the policy-holder. Once he has his policy, the insured is free to reside or travel in any part of the world, and to engage in naval and military service, without restriction. No occupation of any kind is prohibited after one year from its date, and suicide only invalidates the policy if committed within the first year. After two years from its date the policy cannot be contested by the Company for any cause except failure to pay the premiums. Everything is expressed in the policy. There can be no misunderstanding. All these are matters which the inquirer can obtain down to the last detail. In this article one is mainly concerned in indicating the unique position occupied by this Company, whose magnificent premises in Norfolk Street faintly shadow forth the individuality of one of the biggest concerns in the world.

WAR AS A SPOIL-SPORT

AND SOME REMARKS ON SPORT AS A SPOIL-WAR

Disorganised Machinery

WITH war apparently the only word in the world, the one absorbing interest from morning till night, and even in the hours when men used to "sleep quietly in their beds," sport, like most other things, has got pushed into the background among the minor matters. And, of course, the mere physical fact of war and its attendant circumstances has in many practical ways disorganised the machinery of sport.

***

Called Away

When the railways are commandeered for the transport of troops and supplies, one cannot count on a cricket or lawn tennis team arriving to play a match at just the appointed hour which will give the right amount of time to decide the issue. When men are being needed for the colours, a side may be broken up even after the game has begun, as happened by the calling away of Mr. N. V. A. Foster, of Worcester, during the match against Warwickshire last week, or by the sudden decision of Mr. "Plum" Warner, in the middle of a county match at Southampton, to go straight away and offer his services to the War Office.

***

The Sentimental Side

And then there is the matter of sentiment. Many players, and spectators too—though I don't think one need take much account of the spectators, or of any forms of sport that depend on them—feel, at first anyway, a sort of instinctive shyness of going on with games when so many friends and compatriots are face to face with death or grievous injury. One day last week, for instance, a cricket match between Yorkshire Gentlemen and Eton Ramblers was abandoned on the arrival of the news, or, rather, rumour, of a naval engagement in the North Sea—which I believe was quite unfounded.

***

Commonsense

Many people, also, have an uneasy feeling that one ought to be doing something more serious, though what exactly they are not sure. But this doubtless very creditable attitude may be carried too far, and there is a good deal of sound sense in the statement issued by the M.C.C. Secretary, Mr. Lacey, in which he gives it as his opinion that "no good purpose can be served at the present moment by cancelling matches unless the services of those engaged in cricket who have no military training can in any way be utilised in their country's service."

EVEN CRICKET GROUNDS ARE "MOBILISED": THE OVAL

Where a brigade of Territorials is camping. The picture show some of them, with a commandeered waggon, marching out from the Oval on duty on Thursday last

***

After the Shock

On the other hand, sport has been less affected than might appear from a mere study of one's daily newspaper. It is chiefly the spectacular forms that get reported, and even those have little chance when there is so much world-shaking news about. Sport at least goes on, and soon, probably, it will recover from the shock, though, perhaps, with somewhat altered frontiers. One gets more or less accustomed to anything, even an aching heart or an aching tooth. When the war has been on some little time—and it may last much longer than we can now realise—we shall doubtless readjust ourselves.

Cheaper Sports?

There may be some changes, dictated by convenience or other reasons. People, for instance, will be inclined to take more to games that do not involve travel over disorganised railways or, indeed, any journey far from home. Also possibly, with the general warning against extravagance taken to heart, they might choose the cheaper sport by preference—lawn tennis, for instance, rather than golf.

***

Middle-Class Victims

It is, as usual, the middle-classes who will feel the effects most. To them games are always just a little bit of a luxury, and the strain that is coming will just make the difference. To them, too, difficulties of railway travelling are a serious obstacle. The "idle rich" can afford to smile at minor matters of expense, and if trains fail motor-cars will do just as well.

***

Spoiling War

Of course, though we may, and probably will, manage to combine the two, the fact remains that war and sport are each other's enemies. If war spoils sport, so does sport spoil war. By war, needless to say, one doesn't mean soldiering, or the power to take part in war if it's absolutely necessary; our soldiers are among the very best players of games. No, sport spoils war in the sense that it satisfies or lulls for the moment the inclination for it, and provides an outlet for the combative spirit inherent in every man who can rightly be so described.

***

If They Were Sporting—

Who are the supreme representatives of the warlike in Europe at the moment, the apostles of the war-lust pure and simple, unslaked and unmodified? A nation which is by no means sporting by instinct or education—perhaps one of the least sporting, in spite of an occasional Froitzheim or Berliner R.C. eight. If the Germans were a game-playing people I venture to say they would never have embarked on an enterprise solely inspired and inflamed by the war-lust, and wholly outside and indifferent to all other considerations.

***

Misunderstood?

They find it hard to understand us with our easier ways, these Englishmen whom their numerous spies have doubtless reported to headquarters as infinitely more interested in golf or cricket or football than in national or international affairs. It is true we have not this war-lust constantly gnawing at us. Our fighting desires are satisfied and sated in ordinary times with sport. We do not go about seeking entrance to a quarrel. "But, being in——."

F. L. M. D.

"Till the Dawn's Clear"
(Masefield)

We, the Proprietors of the well-known

MELTONIAN SHOE POLISHES

desire to express the hope that, although our Announcements may not re-appear for some time, we may confidently count upon the steady support of our many friends. Such support will enable us to retain the services and continue the full remuneration of all our workpeople during a period when a little help will indeed be worth a deal of sympathy.

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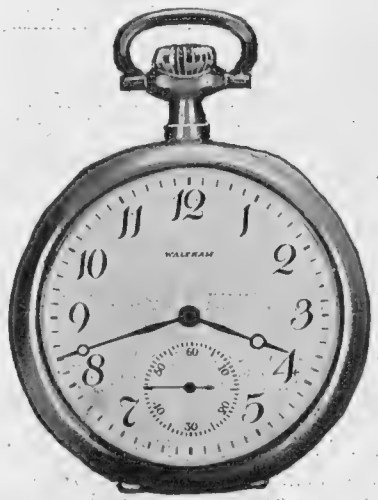


Waltham "Riverside" watches are made in many sizes and styles for ladies' and gentlemen's wear. There is the right "Riverside" for every member of the family. The one here illustrated is the "Colonial," a thin watch which combines the highest art with the sound principles of Waltham Watch construction. It ranks as an accurate, dependable timekeeper along with all other "Riverside" watches. "Colonial" models are sold in cases selected and carefully fitted, and every movement is thoroughly tested before and after being cased.

"Riverside" "Colonial" in special 25-year rolled gold case (case guaranteed to wear at least 25 years), 19 fine ruby jewels, adjusted to temperature and five positions; double roller escapement, steel escape wheel, raised gold setting, etc., price **£9 : 11 : 3.** Can also be supplied in 9, 15 and 18 ct. Gold Cases.

Sold by reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers everywhere.

Send for special "Riverside" Booklet post free from
WALTHAM WATCH Co. (Dept. 57), 125, High Holborn, London, W.C.

The War's Effect on Racing: BY CARBINE

Is Racing Desirable Now?

If war had to be, then the present time is better than any other so far as the very minor interests of field sportsmen are concerned. How far hostilities will be prolonged is a question, of course, which no one at this moment can answer. Whether we shall be racing at Doncaster in September is a query which you can answer optimistically or not, just to suit your frame of mind. You cannot be certain. A broader and more tangible question is whether racing is desirable at a time when the country is involved in perhaps the greatest of all its conflicts. You can look back in the old "Racing Calendars" and find that there was racing while the Napoleonic Wars, the Crimean War, and the Boer War were raging, which to the racing man seems to establish a comforting precedent.

A Point of Interest

Obviously the continuance of racing depends upon circumstances. If our hopes are realised and all goes well with our arms on sea and land, no good reason would seem to exist for abandoning such racing fixtures as Stockton, York, Derby, and Doncaster, so long as it is possible to make suitable railway arrangements for those meetings. It is impossible to suppose that they would give so much enjoyment to those who attend the meetings as would be the case under normal conditions, but do not forget that many people derive their livelihood in one way or another from racing. So if you cancel all the fixtures you are going to cause a lot of suffering in undeserving directions. It is a problem which can be argued from both sides, and it must be left to the racing authorities to act with good sense and discretion. If the best owners consider it out of taste to race while the fighting is proceeding, they will cease to send horses. And if the public also is antagonistic to racing at such a time of anxiety for the nation they will stay away from the courses. Thus racing would not last a week if the general opinion were dead against it.

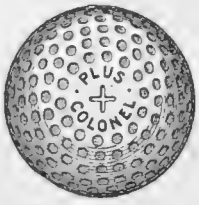
Staghounds Idle

Hunting people are quite reconciled to the fact that the Chase will inevitably suffer by the war. Last week the Devon and Somerset Staghounds were to have opened the season in the West Country with the popular meet on Cloutsham Ball. But as soon as foreign affairs took a grave turn it became obvious that the prospects of stag-hunting were doubtful. Sure enough, war was declared with Germany on the day preceding the date of the opening meet, and all fixtures were at once abandoned. The Master and the hunt secretary had other things to occupy their attention, both being attached to the local Territorial force. But what finally dispelled any possibility of hunting was the commandeering of the hunt horses for the Royal North Devon Hussars.

"COLONEL" GOLF BALLS

ARE ALWAYS THE MOST POPULAR WHEREVER GOLF IS PLAYED.

SUPERIOR QUALITY IS RESPONSIBLE.



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Dimple Marking—Non-Floating.
For Plus & Low H'dicap Players.

An appreciation received from New Zealand
On June 23rd, 1914.

"In this remote corner of the world it is really remarkable to hear so much said about the 'COLONEL' Golf Ball, its durability, and great efficiency. By far the most popular and most used golf ball is your ball, and we New Zealanders have long ago realised the high standard of perfection which has been attained by you in the art of golf ball making."

The "Colonel" Testimonials are unsolicited.
The originals may be seen at our works.

From Professionals and Dealers everywhere,

"ARCH COLONEL," 2/6.
Floating and Non-Floating.
Dimple and Crescent Markings.

ST. MUNGO MANUFACTURING CO., GLASGOW. LONDON: 37, WALBROOK, E.C.

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FOR RHEUMATISM!

A sparkling draught of Zone Salt before breakfast is the surest safeguard against rheumatic pains.
This concentrated compound of all the leading spa salts instantly attacks all Uric Acid deposits, clears the blood of the disease-producing poison, and so speedily effects a cure of the deepest-seated Rheumatism, Gout, or Sciatica.
A teaspoonful in a glass of iced water makes a palatable beverage.
1/6 per bottle of all Chemists and Druggists, or post free 1/9 from
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO.,
(Dept. 23E),
The Garden Factories,
Bardsley Vale, Lancs.

'Teach without noise of words—without confusion of opinions—without the arrogance of honor—without the assault of argument.'

MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY—WISDOM FOR THE SUMMER

Your Health is the Principal Item in your Capital

AND

IN HOT WEATHER

It is necessary to keep the Blood pure and the Liver active in order to keep well.

AUGUST.

"Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding, tempt the joyful reaper's hand."—POPE.

INTERNAL as well as External Cleanliness.

"All disease is the same in all parts of the body. Its cause, morbid humour, which obstructs the circulation of the blood and the electricity or motive power of the brain. Its source, Indigestion and Constipation, or the Putrefaction arising therefrom"—W. RUSSELL.

"Recent researches have led to the establishment of the fact, to the satisfaction of the medical profession of the whole civilised world, that the chief cause of the infirmities of old age, as well as of a large proportion of the diseases of adult life, is the process known as 'Auto-Intoxication,' or self-poisoning.

"This poisoning of our own bodies is due to putrefaction taking place in the large intestine, which in turn is the result of decomposition of food material set up by germs or microbes which infest the bowel and which flourish most where bowel cleanliness least obtains.

"The dual problem, therefore, of maintaining health and postponing the evils of old age resolves itself into the question as to how intestinal putrefaction may be averted, or prevented, or, in other words, how the bowel may be kept clean."

Extract from Dr. CHARLES REINHARDT'S well-known book, "Diet and the Maximum Duration of Life."

"Into man's hands is placed the rudder of his frail barque, that he may not allow the waves to work their will."—GOETHE.

The human body has unfortunately a power of auto-intoxication, *i.e.*, of poisoning itself, unless certain deleterious products are quickly removed from the alimentary system. There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable remedy which will, by natural means, get rid of dangerous waste matter, without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality, than

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The winning VAUXHALL in the Swiss A.C. Trials.

Precisely the same type of Vauxhall car with the neat and compendious Brooklands two-seater body is obtainable for **£595**

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TWO recent events have demonstrated the exceptional utility of Vauxhall cars for touring in difficult and mountainous country, the Austrian Alpine Tour and the Swiss Automobile Club Trial.

In the Austrian Alpine Tour a Vauxhall car, piloted by an amateur—Mr. Tinsley Waterhouse, who had never before entered any contest of the kind—came through with flying colours.

In spite of bad roads and the severe conditions of the trial, only one involuntary stop was made to change a sparking plug. The Vauxhall went up the steepest gradients, and negotiated the deep caniveaux (rain hummocks) which variegate these mountain roads, without a mishap and in a style which won the unstinted admiration of all observers. In this tour the Vauxhall car made the second fastest time up the Katschberg.

In the Swiss Automobile Club Trial which took place on June 27-30 1914, a standard 25 h.p. Vauxhall car took the first prize for the flying Kilometre Race and the first prize for the 700 Kilometre Road Race.

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Independent Investigation
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Truth very emphatically points out the absurdity of expecting permanent relief from this blemish by the use of depilatories. "The only way," says *Truth*, "is"—and then follows description and praise of the scientific treatment given at the Pomeroy Beauty Salons. This perfected method has already been successfully employed in thousands of cases. The hair once removed never grows again.

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MISS MARIE LLOYD AND HER 20 H.P. AUSTIN CAR

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

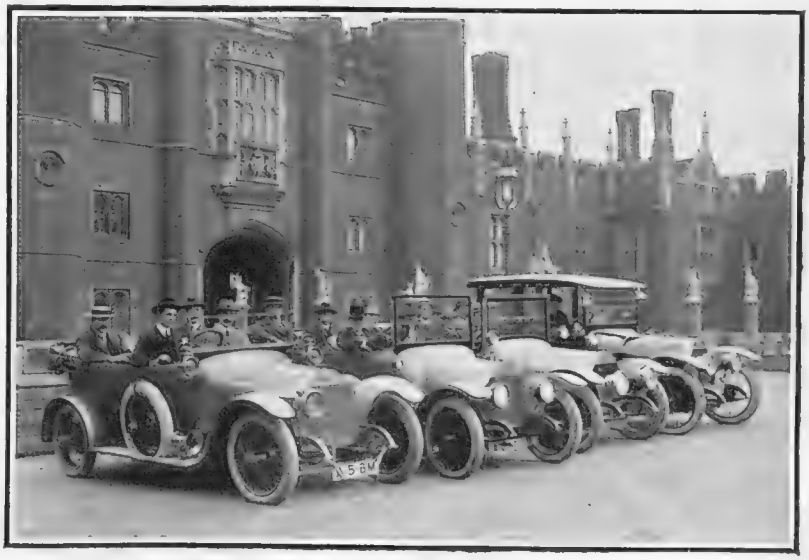
The Only Topic

ONE of the first things our friends and our enemies on the Continent did even before the formal declaration of war, was to annex every private automobile they could lay their hands on. The fact that the car belonged to a citizen of an allied Power did not signify anything. It happened to be there, and there it happens to be at this moment, while its owner, counting himself fortunate in having been able to crowd upon a boat, sits car-less, but a long way from careless, somewhere in the United Kingdom with a sea between him and his vehicle of road transport. Which, apart from being a particularly striking commentary upon the alleged right of a man to do what he likes with his own so long as he does not conflict with Society, is a fair indication of the value which some Governments set upon even the smallest and most undistinguished car. Yet here, although the need for every available means of transport, and particularly road transport, was likely to be almost, if not quite, as urgent, the motor volunteer corps received nothing better than a particularly frozen face for its encouragement, while offers of service from the largest automobile association in the world could get no greater reward. This is surely not the time to enter upon criticism of past policy. The only fact to count is that the private motorist, in no way changed in his concern to be of service in the hour of necessity, is very largely organised, and there is little doubt about the ability of the A.A. to mobilise a sufficient number of cars to convey anything from 25,000 to 50,000 men from any one point to another, while the baggage and stores could follow after in the heavier commercial vehicle or 'bus upon which the Government by subsidy has a definite claim.

***

The Power of the Car

A week or so ago the Sheffield-Simplex Company demonstrated with great success how the motor vehicle was not only good for the conveyance of passenger soldiery, but good also for the haulage of heavy artillery by road. The Ford car in Ireland, and in connection with innumerable military manœuvres, has proven its service qualities over rough country and places where there is no road at all, and where a heavier vehicle could not hope to operate. The A.A. demonstrated years ago how the car could be utilised for the quick conveyance of an army by the shortest road route if damage or congestion had tied up the railway. It is obvious that in many respects the car has what I imagine to be a very considerable advantage over the cast-iron rigidity of the railway. Destroy a railway, and without a speedy road vehicle the only



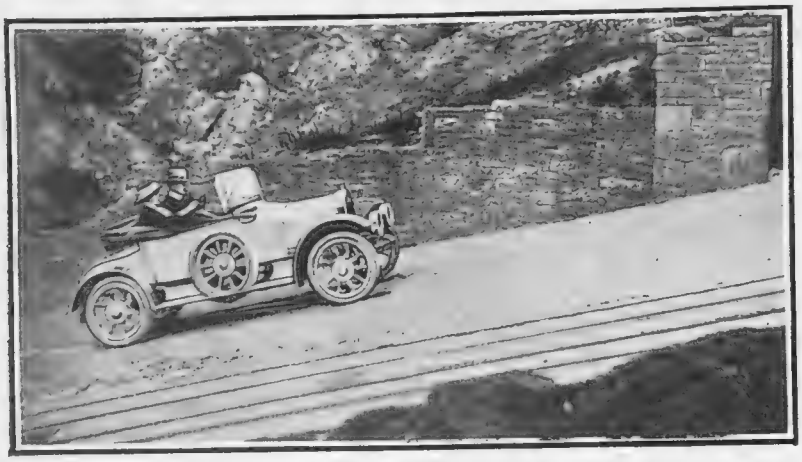
BIANCHI CARS AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE

A photograph taken on the occasion of the Press run organised by the Bianchi Motors, Ltd. after the formal opening of their new showrooms at 26, St. James's Street, S.W. Mr. Charles Block, the Managing Director of the Bianchi firm, is at the steering wheel of the car on the left of the picture

means of quick transport for infantry is gone. Destroy a road, and in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred there is an alternative route. The car is mobile, the railway immobile. The only trouble is that much heavy usage might make a road, miserably constructed as so many of them are, almost impassable for any vehicle. That is one of the developments for good which this war may foster. The national value of the road not only in war time but in the time of peace, may attract a greater measure of attention than ever it has done in the past.

An Affair of Explosion Engines

This enormous conflict—enormous in size and even more enormous in the unutterable fatuity of its first cause—promises to be very largely an affair of the internal combustion engine. For the first time in any considerable way, the motor vehicle—of the road, the sea and the air—will come into violent operation; and those who in the past have been most urgent and clamorous in their demands for adequate governmental provision being made in the matter of the aerial fleet particularly, but also in the matter of the roads and the fuel supply, will take a melancholy satisfaction from the knowledge that they did not wholly agitate in vain. The action of the Admiralty in securing control of oil at the well head was not taken too soon. Just in time, probably, it saw to its fuel reserve. Not so adequately, perhaps, in conjunction with the War Office it dealt with the matter of aeroplanes, and although, as the recent review at Spithead and the aero mobilisation on Salisbury Plain proved, we may fairly congratulate ourselves upon an air machine equipment fully the equal, in all probability, of any one other nation, we do not possess that preponderating power which authority to-day would prefer to control. It is a ghastly business in any event, this scowling without cause for individual quarrel, over the sights of deadly rifles; but while the veneer is so thin on the bodies of the cave men who inhabit them, and the first call upon the genius of civilisation is the call of warfare, we must needs put up with it and, if only in self-defence, be prepared.



A 10 H.P. SINGER CAR

Ascending the hill of the Great Orme, Llandudno, driven by Miss Blore, of Llandudno, the first lady to attempt the climb by car. The gradient is 1 in 3. The car used was an ordinary standard model, without any special gearing, and the speed attained was remarkable

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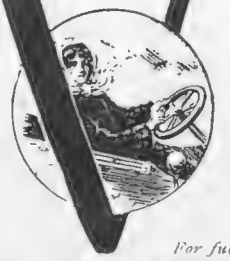

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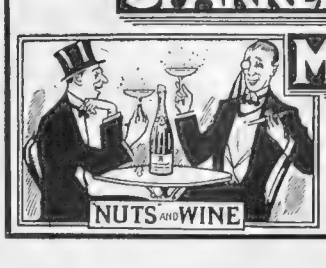

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EXCELLENT RANGE OF FARM BUILDINGS, together with about

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adjoining Pevensey Castle in Pevensey Marsh and Rye Bay. Accommodation land and building sites, choicely situated and commanding beautiful views; hunting with 3 packs; golf. The whole occupying an area of about 1,005 ACRES; which will be OFFERED for SALE by AUCTION by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY (in conjunction with Messrs. POWELL and Co.), at the Granville Hotel, Bexhill, in September next.—Solicitors, Messrs. NORTON, ROSE, BARRINGTON and Co., 57½, Old Broad St., E.C.; Land Agents, Messrs. POWELL and Co., the Estate Offices, Lewes; Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, W.

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SUSSEX (convenient for the coast and only 1¾ hours from town).—Choice little RESIDENTIAL ESTATE. PICTURESQUE OLD RESIDENCE, containing old oak panelling, etc., lounge hall, 3 reception, 2 bath, and 7 bedrooms; charming grounds, with tennis court, 1½ acres of woodland, and excellent well-timbered pasture-land,

50 ACRES. PRICE, £3,750.

2 cottages, large motor garage; excellent buildings; golf. Personally inspected. Strongly recommended.—Box M 207, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

KENT (St. Margaret's Bay).—To be LET, Furnished, for a few months, a delightfully-situated RESIDENCE, occupying a fine position on the top of the cliffs, opening directly by a lych gate on to the Leas, and commanding uninterrupted views of the sea from the Downs to the South Foreland and over to France: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent offices; prettily laid-out garden, with tennis court, flower beds and borders, etc.; garage. Rent 15 gns. per week.—Box H 13,899, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

VERY LOW PRICE FOR QUICK SALE.

SUSSEX (1¼ hours from town).—A handsome GABLED RESIDENCE, in the old Sussex style, with oak beams, etc., standing high and commanding magnificent views: 8 bedrooms, bath, and 3 good reception rooms; beautiful pleasure grounds and well-timbered pasture-land, in all

NEARLY 280 ACRES, PRICE £8,750.

34 ACRES, £3,750. 16 ACRES, £2,750.

Bailiff's house, 3 cottages; extensive stabling, motor house; hunting; shooting. Would be divided and sold with almost any quantity of land to suit purchaser.—Box M 213, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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IDEAL WEEK-END RESIDENCE.

SUSSEX.

Amidst beautiful country and in a favourite residential part.

TO BE LET, AN EXCEEDINGLY PICTURESQUE LITTLE HOUSE, being a genuine old Sussex Farmhouse, with beamed ceilings and oak staircase,

DATING BACK TO 1620.

It contains: hall, 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bath, usual offices; modern conveniences, including Company's water and radiators.

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The grounds include lawn, shrubberies and kitchen garden. Garage by arrangement.—Box HS 4, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ANCIENT TOWN OF BRAINTREE.—Most picturesque old HOUSE, dating back to early XVIIth Century, on high ground and sandy soil. Containing quantity of oak beams and other interesting features; overhauled recently and electric light and central heating installed: Lounge halls, 2 reception rooms, delightful old library with clear-story windows, school and play rooms, 3 staircases, 10 bedrooms, bathroom and usual offices; stabling for 2, garage with pit; lovely old-world gardens, orchard and paddock, in all over 4 acres.

TO BE SOLD AT TIMES PRICE.

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GOLF. BOATING. FISHING.

1 HOUR FROM TOWN ON MAIN G.N.R.

FOR SALE, a charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE; 3 large reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, handsome billiard room (all on 2 floors); beautiful pleasure GROUNDS SLOPING TO RIVER and pasture-land, 13 ACRES; good stabling and motor garage; all in excellent repair. GRAVEL SOIL. Price £3,000, or offer.—Box M 214, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AN HISTORICAL OLD MANOR HOUSE for SALE with the grounds only or with 200 to 300 acres of land in the Eastern counties. It is a fine specimen of early Tudor architecture.—Full particulars of Box K 7,821, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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A QUEEN ANNE HOUSE OF CHARACTER AND DIGNITY.

A beautiful house as illustrated, in park-like and finely-timbered grounds; new drainage; excellent water supply; South aspect; Company's water.

FAVOURITE WESTERN COUNTY.

TO BE LET ON LEASE, this most attractive PROPERTY, comprising a spacious House, in thorough repair, and containing: 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, hall (40ft. by 20ft.), 4 reception rooms; stabling, lodge; park-like grounds and walled gardens, in all 14 acres; salmon and trout fishing, hunting, golf. Rent and full particulars of FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (6,524)

WITH POSSESSION AT MICHAELMAS NEXT.

A perfect all-the-year-round home.

IN THE BEAUTIFUL PETERSFIELD DISTRICT. —To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming RESIDENCE, with 3 large reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), complete offices; excellent stabling and garage.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS with full-sized croquet lawn, kitchen garden, etc. RENT, £155 PER ANNUM.—Inspected by FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (2,886)

A HENRY VIII. MANOR HOUSE occupying a glorious position high up in a fold of the Cotswolds. First-class hunting 6 days a week. 700 acres of shooting.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED (any period up to 3 years at a low rental).—This interesting old TUDOR HOUSE, replete with modern conveniences, with oak-panelled hall, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, complete offices; stabling for 6, garage; delightful pleasure grounds, with fine old loggia, surrounded by beautifully timbered pasture and woodlands.—Inspected and strongly recommended as an exceptional property by the Sole Agents, FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (197 F)

ANNOUNCEMENT

WE beg to announce that arrangements have been made by which the personal services of Mr. Charles Jarrott have been secured to actual and prospective owners of Armstrong Whitworth cars in London and the South of England. The Armstrong Whitworth Repair Works and Stores at Bear Lane, Southwark, are maintained for the convenience of customers, but the showrooms are closed and their place taken by the extensive and splendidly-appointed Automobile Salon of Messrs. Jarrott, Ltd., at 24 to 27, Orchard Street, London, W., where all models, particularly the 20-30 h.p. car, will be shown.

Much intimate experience and close study have convinced Mr. Jarrott that the Armstrong Whitworth car of to-day has established a new standard of comparison in four-cylindered vehicles of whatever nationality. "In refinement of design and distinction of finish, in power, in the silence of its running, in all the service qualities, the Armstrong Whitworth maintains in the arena of the car the high traditions of a world-famous engineering firm."

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SIR W. G. ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH & Co., Ltd.,
Elswick Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

London Showrooms: MESSRS. JARROTT, Limited,
24-27, Orchard Street, W.
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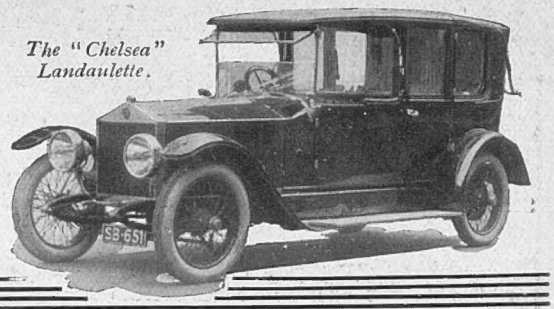

The "Chelsea" Landaulette.

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There must be something very unusual about any car that leaps into public favour as the Sizaire-Berwick has done. The Sizaire-Berwick *is* unusual—not in its perfection of orthodox design alone—but in the absolute satisfaction each car gives to its owner.

One model only: 20 H.P.
Various types of bodywork.

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is *pure, protected natural water* sparkling with the "life" of champagne and contains just the right amount of natural health salts for daily use.

Try it alone or with a slice of lemon at dinner—it develops and preserves the appreciative palate.

Try it as a diluent—it improves everything it touches.

W. A. ROSS & SONS LTD BELFAST

The Menu: Simple Dinners for a Week

SUNDAY
Hors d'Œuvres. Anchovies à la Burlington
Julienne Soup
Salmon à la Crême
Sirloin of Beef. Peas
* Rice à l'Espagnole
Stewed Black Currants and Black Cherries, with Cream

MONDAY
Potage à l'Allemande
Mullet aux Fines Herbes
Fillets of Beef (from Undercut of Sirloin)
* Pineapple Whip
Risotto à la Milanese

TUESDAY
White Haricot Purée
Fried Smelts. Brown Bread and Butter
Roast Duck with Turnips
Lemon Sponge
Bloater Toasts

WEDNESDAY
Spinach Soup
Filêt de Soles à la Hollandaise
Boned and Stuffed Loin of Veal
French Beans. Potatoes à la Maître d'Hotel
Fruit Salad
Olives with Parmesan

THURSDAY
Cream of Vermicelli Soup
* Mackerel à la Flamande
Blanquette of Veal. Cauliflower
Bananas with Whipped Cream
Maids of Honour
Cheese Fritters

FRIDAY
Hors d'Œuvres. Sardines à la Royale
Carrot Soup
* Fricasséed Lobster
Chicken en Casserole with Mushrooms
Chocolate Mould
Macaroni au Gratin

SATURDAY
Scotch Broth
Sheeps Tongues with Spinach
Mutton Cutlets. Tomato Sauce
Salad
Sweet Omelette
Cheese Straws

Rice à l'Espagnole

This is a nice savoury, and when the rice is cooked should be mixed with tomato sauce and grated cheese, stirred over the fire until well blended, served heaped high on a dish and garnished with ham or tiny rolls of bacon.

Pineapple Whip

Grate some pineapple and mix wth it some stiffly whisked cream. Serve it in paper cases or in meringues with a few candied violets on the top.

Mackerel à la Flamande

The mackerel are stuffed with chopped shallots and chives, butter, and lemon-juice, and broiled under the grill.

Fricassée of Lobster (an American Recipe)

Pick all the flesh from a good-sized lobster and mince it. Make a roux with 2 oz. of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Then moisten by degrees with three-quarters of a pint of milk and season to taste. When well mixed, add the lobster and let it all simmer for ten minutes. Then add two tablespoonfuls of cream and a little lemon-juice. Heat it all up, and then fill the required number of casserole cups, and serve with brown bread and butter.

N.B.—The secret of success in the above dishes is the flavouring, dishing-up, and garnishing, also care and attention to vegetables is most important. EMILIA

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PRESERVE THE VOICE
Most Chemists stock Throatlets but if yours cannot supply, send 1/1½ to the Proprietors for a box, post paid
1/1½ per box.
THROATLETS, LTD., (Dept. N 8), West India House Liverpool.

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Ladies Motoring
exposed to the hot sun and dust should always have a bottle of
ROWLAND'S KALYDOR
in the car. It cools and refreshes the Face, Hands and Arms, prevents and removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, etc., produces soft, fair skin and a lovely delicate complexion. 2/3 and 4/6
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Special Staff of Artists, : : Photographers : : and Correspondents are with the various Armies, and an up-to-date and accurate service of news and pictures appe... each day in the ...raphic"
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FOR GREY HAIR.
Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

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Perfect Comfort

¶ The Ideal Lounge combining luxurious comfort with elegance and durability

Prices according to length of seat.

23in. 27in. 30in. 33in. 36in.

23/- 27/- 30/- 33/- 36/-

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'Digestive Rest'

When it is necessary and How it is best obtained.

A time for digestive rest comes to everyone—after dietary indiscretions, during temporary digestive derangement—during the mental or physical strain of student, professional, business or social life—during illness and convalescence, and in advanced old age.

Digestive rest, accompanied with complete bodily nourishment, is the surest road to better health.

Benger's Food provides in a supreme degree, the required digestive rest with natural re-inforcement.

It is prepared with fresh new milk, and the digestive principles, which the Food contains, become active during its preparation, modifying and partially digesting both the milk and the Food. The dainty, delicious and highly nutritive cream thus formed, is rich in all the food elements necessary to sustain life and is free from rough or indigestible particles.

All who feel the necessity of Digestive Rest will read with interest the handsome 48 page Booklet prepared for their information and assistance. A copy will be sent post free from

BENGER'S FOOD Ltd., Manchester.

Benger's Food is sold by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

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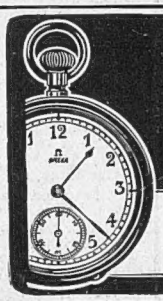
BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES

Tins 1d, 3d, 6d, 1/-



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Size 1. 25 FOR 2/-

Size 3. 25 FOR 1/6

The Editor's Box

At the Alhambra

"Not Likely" is not likely to come off just yet awhile. Some excellent new numbers have been introduced this week. Readers should make a point of going.

"Wana Ranee"

When a firm with so great a reputation as that of Messrs. J. Grossmith and Son announce a new perfume it is sure to be a scent worthy to rank with those others which have become household names. For the inspiration of their latest production they have gone to the island of Ceylon, a land famous for its beauty and its luxuriant vegetation. Wana Ranee is the imprisoned essence of the spice-laden breezes of its native home, scented with the perfumes of many flowers. It is in every way a perfume with a personality, of a lasting character yet not overpowering, a perfume whose fascination will grow with its use. To-day it is, however, not sufficient to produce a perfume. The modern toilet demands that every article for its use should harmonise. For this reason the makers have produced a complete series of toilet accessories all perfumed with Wana Ranee. They include hair lotion, toilet water, brilliantine, dental cream, face powder, toilet cream, soap, bath crystals, sachet and cachous. It is sufficient to say that each of these articles upholds the reputation of the makers. They are prepared from the best and purest ingredients, and each will be found perfect in its own particular sphere of use. In order to popularise this scent, the makers are offering to send post free for sixpence a sample of perfume, soap, face powder, and toilet cream, together with their new booklet, "Toilet Hints," to all readers of this paper. This is an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with what is undoubtedly a very beautiful production, and one which is destined to have a great vogue.

For the South Pole

A "His Master's Voice" Gramaphone supplied by the Gramaphone Company, City Road, E.C., to Sir Ernest Shackleton for his forthcoming trans-Antarctic expedition

Shackleton and "His Master's Voice"

Interest is now centred on the departure of Sir Ernest Shackleton for Antarctica. Queen Alexandra honoured the explorer and his boat with a visit a few days ago and noted with satisfaction the completeness of the equipment. As in the case of the Polar expeditions led by Peary and Scott, the equipment of the new expedition includes "His Master's Voice" Gramophone and a fine variety of records. Sir Ernest had one of these famous instruments with him on his last venture, and found it the cheeriest companion he could possibly have chosen. By-the-by, the actual instrument that went with him to the South on the last expedition is being shown in the windows of provincial music-dealers, and is exciting the keenest attention. Battered, but as musical as ever, this Senior Monarch is a silent witness to the ubiquity as it is to the superb workmanship attaching always to "His Master's Voice" products.

CASTLE Collars

Faced with Linen, woven in our own factories in Ireland. Castle Collars are the best 6d. collar that can be bought. They give better service and are better looking than others.

Illustration shows the Albany, 1¼, 1½, 2 and 2½ inches deep, the standard double collar, with ample tie freedom.

Castle Collars are made in all shapes. Send 6d. to-day for a sample collar (any shape). It will be forwarded post free, together with illustrated booklet.

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For those requiring a better quality collar we recommend our "Royal" Brand. Made of Extra Fine Linen, with hand buttonholing.

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THE OUTBREAK OF WAR

Owing to the crisis THE GRAPHIC have decided to suspend meantime

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S Articles, "FROM THE LOG OF THE VELSA."

AND WILL

ILLUSTRATE THE WAR

throughout in the completest way by Photographic Records and Drawings.

"THE GRAPHIC" ARTISTS AND REPRESENTATIVES (Like our Sailors and Soldiers) HAVE BEEN MOBILISED

Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers.

£2,000 will be paid by The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Limited, Principal Offices-Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of this Coupon, Insurance-Ticket, if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season ticket-holder, or trader's ticket-holder; or

£1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (a) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (b) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (c) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident, and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident (d) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (e) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

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Signature.....

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